JULY
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VOGUE

Surprise Diet

**Weight-loss—
with soufflés,
lobster, sauces,
whipped cream,
cake...**

**ADVANCE
RETAIL
TRADE
SUPPLEMENT**

opposite page 8

BRIDES: SPECIAL SECTION

JUST RELEASED! Greatest scientific advancé...2 years ahead!



Revlon

Living Curl

...the first hair spray to leave your hair clean!



Guaranteed...the only hair spray that leaves no ugly film ...no stickiness...*no matter how often you use it!*

Now—enjoy all the blessings of a hair spray—and forget the problems! Revlon hair scientists have found the beauty secret of natural curls . . . and developed LIVING CURL to create clean, beautiful, *real* curls. So you never see or feel spray on your hair—no matter how often you use it. No stickiness, no pile up of spray, no ugly film! And an anti-static ingredient makes your curl behave *no matter how hard you brush!* Use LIVING CURL to set or hold . . . then *touch*. Those curls feel feminine again! (Long time since *that* happened?) 1.50 *plus tax*

Now! Keeps the curl...keeps it clean...keeps it full of *life!*

©Revlon, Inc. 1958 *Gown by Scaasi*

No more rough, dry calloused skin • No more nylon snags



SPOTLIGHT'S ON Pretty Feet



Revolutionary new lotion acts at once to smooth, soften rough, dry, calloused feet!

Now—without razor blades, pumice stones or 60-minute foot baths—you can rub away dry, dead top skin from your feet, soften callouses and heel bumps . . . and have the sleek, satin-smooth feet you've always wanted.

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It's smart to have Pretty Feet

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At leading department and drug stores.

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to spray your hair with
gold and silver accents

AYER-NET SPRAY
to control curls
firmly but softly

It's the bubbles in champagne! It's sunlight on a cloud! It's the gay, glamorous color accents that MIDAS TOUCH gives your hair. So easy to do yourself! In seconds, MIDAS TOUCH sprays on streaks and tips of shimmering silver or glistening gold. And MIDAS TOUCH gives you four other beautiful colors for exciting accents or to touch-up and blend-in gray or faded hair. Sprays on . . . shampoos off!
$1.50 plus tax

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HARRIET HUBBARD AYER

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VOGUE

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

There are three Vogues: American, French, British — I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH Publisher

JULY 1958



PENN

COVER

New beach roses to pluck from the nearest beauty counter: The rose-tinted city editor's visor, a Cool-Ray sun veil designed by Claire McCardell. Point is, air without glare. Later, as the sun drops, the visor can be lifted to shield just the eyes. Further rose glacéing: lipstick and nail enamel in Watteau Rose colour by Juliette Marglen. Everything, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

FASHION

25 Vogue's eye view of this July 4th
26 High-powered fashion: the bright coat
32 New fall of beads
33 The feather-wig hat
34-39 Cross-climate clothes to wear from now on; forecast coiffures
48 New travel suit to make from a Vogue Pattern
62 July's new bathing suit
70-81 Notes from the bride with Vogue's replies: traditional dresses; key clothes; the bridesmaids; the mother of the bride; lingerie trousseau
82 Little white furs

FEATURES • ARTICLES • PEOPLE

40 Who Has the Culture? by Ashley Montagu
42 Quiz: 100 Questions & Answers
44 People Are Talking About . . .
45 Dr. Henry A. Kissinger
46 I Went to the Fair. By Rosemary Blackmon
50 How to Talk to a Man. By Jean Kerr
52 Three faces of beauty: Mrs. Columbus O'Donnell; Señorita Mercedes Herrera; Mlle. Albina du Boisrouvray
54 Carnet de Vogue: the weddings
56 "I Was Made to be Me." By Victoria Lincoln
58 View from a Closed Window. A short story by Patricia Collinge
60 Roads to Rome. By Edmonde Charles-Roux
84 Gossipy Memo on Honeymoon Islands

FASHIONS IN LIVING

85 A pink geranium wedding
87 How to manage a wedding
88 The wedding decorations
92 Non-classic presents
94 Wedding food

BEAUTY

64 Ounce-a-day plan: colognes and toilet waters
65 Colour-a-week plan for hair
66 Vogue's surprise diet with de-calorized menus and recipes

DEPARTMENTS

16 Vogue's Travelog
18 Vogue's School Directory
20 Shop Hound

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VOGUE / idea sheet

ADVANCE TRADE EDITION page from July VOGUE points up the important editorial ideas from that issue . . . ideas that you can use in your newspaper advertisements and displays.

* THE HIGH-POWER OF THE BRIGHT COAT

The cyclamen, violet, bright blue, red, and orange coat (in new wools, mohairs, and tweeds) to be worn from now on—smartly.

Pages 26-31.

* THE NEW NARROWS

Slim dresses and coiffures with a summer entrée into autumn, no stops through the year.

Pages 34-39.

THE BRIDE (AND EVERYWOMAN)

The dresses the bride, her bridesmaids, her mother will wear; for the bride and every woman: good wedding-trip-and-after clothes; a complete lingerie wardrobe; furs.

Pages 70-83.

Fashions in living:

non-classic presents for the bride.

Pages 92-93.

A pink geranium wedding.

Pages 84, 85; 87-92.

also: The new feather-wig hats.....page 33.
The new beads.....page 33.

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VOGUE, JULY, 1958, VOL. 132, NO. 1

These are the "VOGUE SAYS" QUOTES to help you present your own bright coats, new narrows, and bride's fashions. Use the quotes to headline your newspaper advertisements, interior and window displays, and fashion shows. . . . Choose these exciting fashions from your own stocks.

Vogue says: "THE BRIGHT COAT—HEROINE OF A HUNDRED LOOKS"

"High-powered fashion—the high-key coat"
"Cyclamen coat—wardrobe-in-itself"
"The high-key coat—violet"
"Bright coat—vivid cornflower blue"
"High-powered fashion—orange coat"
"Traffic-stopping red coat"

with the bright coat:
"Cyclamen coat—with white, pink"
"Violet coat—with browns, blues"
"Blue coat—with navy-blue, sapphire, grey"
"Orange coat—with yellow, grey"
"Red coat—with green"
"High-key coat—to bring up black"



Vogue says: "NEW NARROWS—NO STOPS THROUGH THE YEAR"

"Late-day blackery—narrow and easy"
"High-waisted dress—about a stride wide"
"Narrow dress—365 days a year"

the narrowed coiffure:
"Coiffures coming in—neater, narrower"
"New line for hair—close, up off the neck"

Vogue says: "THIS YEAR'S BRIDE—NEW AND CHARMINGLY TRADITIONAL"

"Dress to be married in—white peau de soie"
"Brocade—fresh, new, yet traditional"
"The prettiest bridesmaids—in back-interest dresses"
"Mother of the bride—not type cast"
"Checks—going-away, day-to-day suit"
"Bride's super-dependable—jacketed dress"
"Trousseau lingerie—blue and white"

fashions in living:
"*Non*-classic present for the bride—twin chafing dishes"
"*Non*-classic present for the bride—tankard coffeepot"
"Pink geranium wedding"

Vogue says: "The new rise of the feather wig"
"Cross-climate hats—feathers"

Vogue says: "Beads with a quick crystal flicker"

your release date: July 1

Antoine

now!

AN ANTOINE TAN

for

Everyone under the sun!

BAIN DE SOLEIL

HELP US KEEP THE THINGS WORTH KEEPING

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Will her world always be so peaceful, so free? You can help it be—by helping to keep the peace.

But peace costs money. Money for strength to keep the peace. Money for science and education to help make peace lasting. And money saved by individuals.

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The chart below shows how the Bonds you buy will earn money for you. But the most important thing they earn is *peace*. They help us keep the things worth keeping.

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HOW YOU CAN REACH YOUR SAVINGS GOAL WITH U. S. SAVINGS BONDS *(in just 8 years, 11 months)*			
If you want about	$2,500	$5,000	$10,000
each week, save	$4.75	$9.50	$18.75

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Photograph by Harold Halma

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New Kotex napkins with the Kimlon center protect better, protect longer.

Now Kotex adds the Kimlon center to increase absorbency, to keep stains from going through. With this inner fabric, the Kotex napkin stays even softer, holds its shape for perfect fit. Choose Kotex—the name you know best—in this smart new package.



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the boucle story: best news about town



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The overblouse dress, right, in green, brown, wine, black. Sizes 8 to 18. About 20.00.
The shaped chemise, left, back-belted. Green, brown, wine, black. 12 to 38
and custom sizes for the shorter figure, 12C to 22C. About 18.00.

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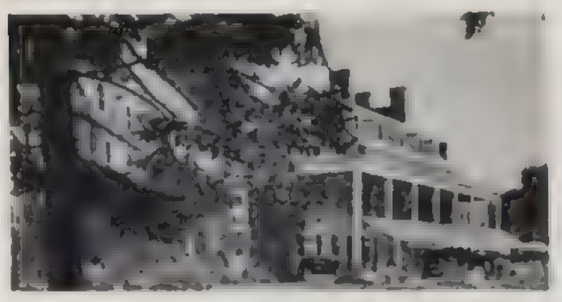
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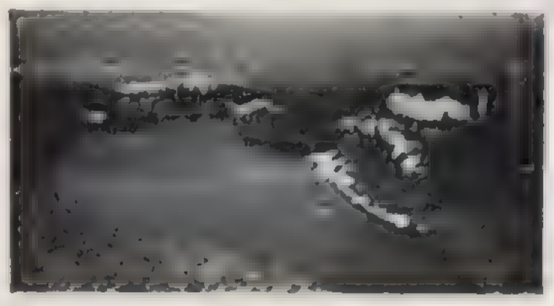
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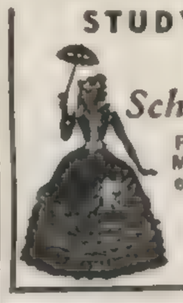
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White terry cardigan banded with washable red-and-white cotton trim. S M L $5.95. Back-zipped white terry shorts. 10-16 $3.95. Washable, elastic white terry cap. $1.95.
Add 35¢ for shipping. *Send for playwear catalog.*

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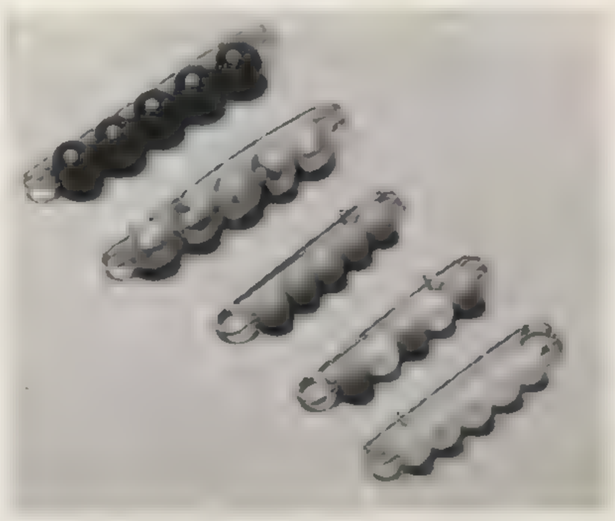
SHOP



Bathing suit to fit all figures, in black-and-white printed cotton; made by a famous maker of built-to-order bathing suits (and corsets) in various fabrics and colours. Miss Hilbrun, 14 West 58th St., N. Y. 19.



Jewelled safety pins (below); all, 14-k. gold. With green onyx ($15), grey cultured pearl ($15), all turquoise ($20), cultured pearl and turquoise ($18), or cultured pearl ($8), all plus tax. Tailored Woman, 742 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 19.



Pocket edition. A caning-print dressing gown (below) folds up into an ingenious carrying-case—its own pocket. Here, you see it in travelling position; at left, below, you see it unfolded—in wearing position.

Caning print dressing-gown (below); pocket becomes case (right). Surah of Celanese acetate in red, light blue, or navy with white; S, M, L. $10.95. Altman's, 34th & Fifth Avenue, New York 16.





MIEHLMANN

Sea, sand, and sunshine, though they're about the pleasantest trio we know, do throw a relentless spotlight on your legs—and the smoothness of same. A great boon here is "My Epil," a cold-wax depilatory that slicks on right from the tube, needs no heating, has no odour, and dissolves in water. 4-oz. tube (enough for both legs), $2 inc. postage. Ella Baché, 24 E. 55 St., N. Y. 22.

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HOUND

. . . *summering up*



Twin rings
to wear separately or
newly, in tandem.
Both, set in 18-k. gold;
one with sapphires ($180);
the other, sapphires and
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Carrying power.
Fly-weight travelling
case of hand-finished,
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with compartments for
just about *everything.*
12″ x 16″. $40 ppd.
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Elemental chiffon.
A long (36″ x 90″)
silk chiffon stole,
treated to a
water-repellent
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aquamarine, or pink,
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Ben Goodman. Altman's,
34th & Fifth Ave., N. Y. 16.





Shorts bulletin—from Bermuda.
Printed Bermuda shorts
of Moygashel linen.
Shown here: white with red.
Also in yellow or blue with
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From Archie Brown, Queen St.,
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Beach picnic—
gay as one, anyway.
Bright pink cotton pants,
worn with a multi-striped
cotton put-over.
Sizes 10 to 16;
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No, but she does have 'That Caryl Richards Look.' It began with one of our new, easy-to-care-for hairstyles — and a Caryl Richards SOFTY Permanent. Kitten soft, yet permanently permanent, a SOFTY never gives you that 'just-permanented' look. It leaves your hair so manageable it almost sets itself. And we have a specially gentle SOFTY lotion for bleached or tinted hair.

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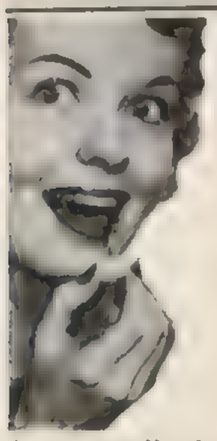
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Are your teeth discolored, dull, unattractive? Then try this marvelous new "dental-cosmetic" for the thrill of your life! You apply **KOPAL** on your teeth, just like the enamel on your nails. Takes only 3 minutes—and presto! Instantly, your teeth are coated with a sparkling white finish that appears so pearl-like and natural—just like a movie-star smile! No wonder beauty editors, thousands of smart women and theatrical people praise **KOPAL** for covering up stains, blemishes, even gold fillings — almost like magic! **KOPAL** is a dentist's formula, completely safe and harmless for natural as well as false teeth. **Guaranteed** radiant results or money back! Economical in use — amazing value. Send only **$3.30** tax inc. for 3-4 months' supply, we pay postage. If C.O.D. you pay postage and charges.

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SHOP HOUND

. . . summering up



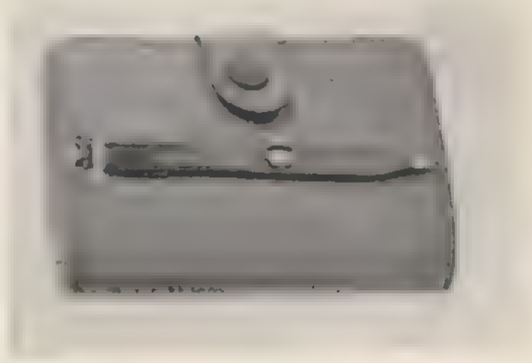


Striped beach shirt
that looks as though it hailed from Portofino. Red-and-white striped terry cloth (Cone fabric), buttoned down the front: S, M, L. $6.50, ppd. Shoppers Ltd., P.O. Box 193, Westbury, N. Y.



The last moth of summer
is the one in the rug or winter woollens sprayed with Mothproof. (Death on carpet beetles, too.) One bottle makes one half-gallon of fragrant non-staining solution. By Servicemaster. $3.95. W & J Sloane, 575 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Travel jottings stay jotted in this tan pigskin memo case, with a pencil that clips on—firmly. 2¾" by 3¾". $3.50, inc. tax. Janies, 1865 University Ave., Dept. V1, N. Y. 53, N. Y.





Charming present for any woman who uses face powder—and what woman doesn't?—a sterling silver powder scoop, ebony-handled, for filling her compact. $15 inc. tax, postage. Tiffany, Fifth Avenue at 57th St., New York 22, N. Y.

MIEHLMANN



Sterling silver spoons with bowls enamelled in bright colours, handles in assorted designs. Salt spoons, 2¼" long, $3.85 each; demitasse spoons, 3½" long, $6.60 each; plus tax, ppd. Here Today, 218 3rd Ave., N. Y.

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Gift-givers display their talents by adding to the Gorham sterling service already chosen by the delighted recipient. The pieces added may be practical—like extra teaspoons—or something for special, magnificent occasions—a punch ladle, for example. Your choice of a gift is limited only by your imagination and sense of appropriateness. Illustrated here are a few such gifts, at various prices, to give singly or in combinations.

Remember, sterling is for now and forever...one of the loveliest and most complimentary gifts you can give.

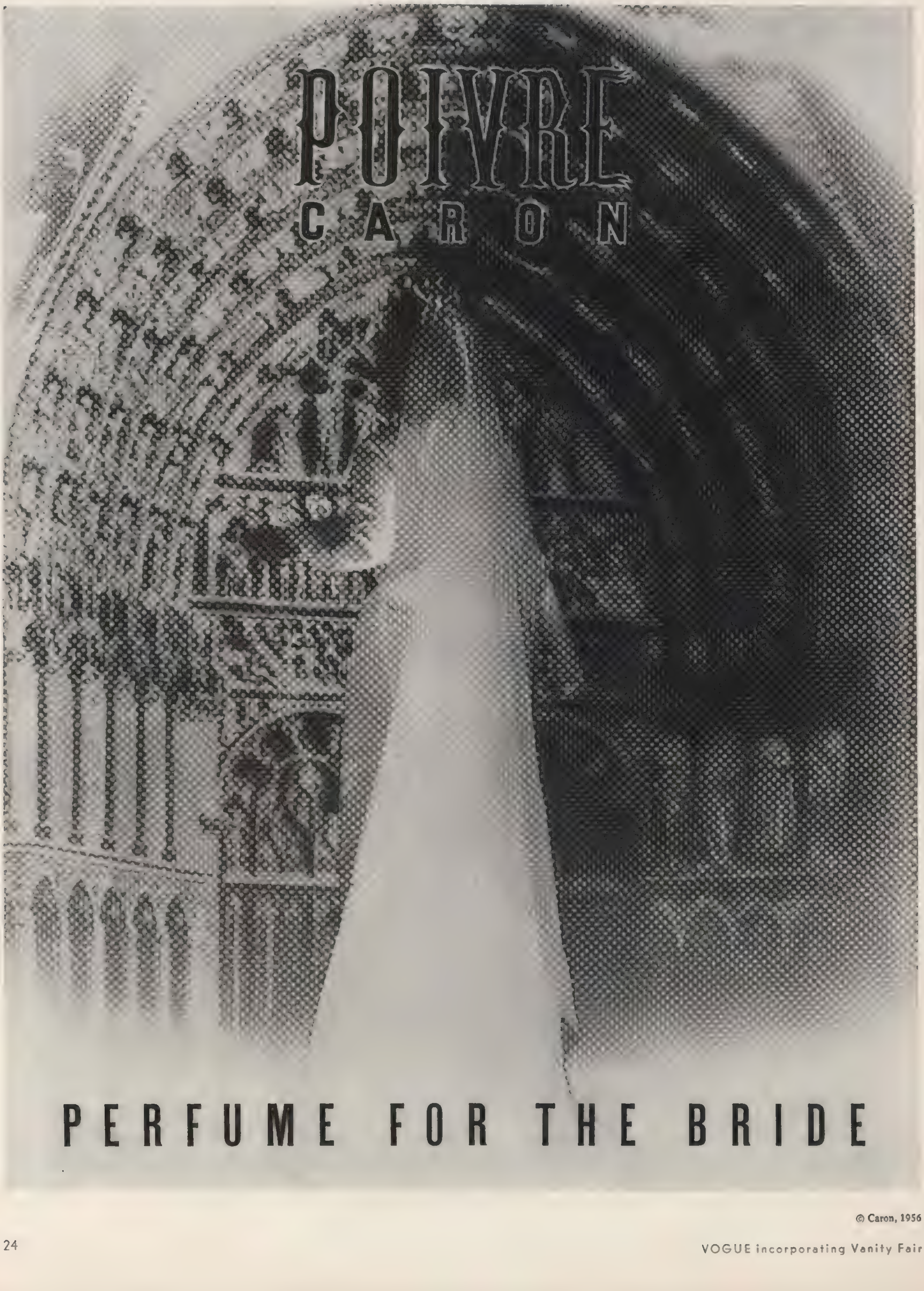
Gorham STERLING
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Vogue's eye view of this July 4th:

The day that has marked in so many American lives for so many years the beginning of a long, lazy summer—days on the beach, family picnics, and dancing under the stars—still marks for most of us just these goods. But this July marks, too, a deeper consciousness of the uncounted cords that pull at our national life inside and outside the shores of the U.S.A. New uncertainties, the new awareness of the world's shifting circumstances mark this summer of 1958 as an era perhaps more diverse than any we have known. . . . July marks too a time to marvel and remember that the principles July Fourth celebrates are elemental, like air and water; not subject to destruction. They can be transmuted for man's purpose, but never lost. They are as applicable to American life now as they were when fifty-six Americans set their names to the Declaration of Independence. This is a time to re-count the values, remembering that these freedoms, the value of the individual are longed-for, long-awaited goals of many peoples.

High-powered fashion: THE HIGH-KEY COAT

This year, this day, you may find yourself discovering in the bright coat the very thing few other coats are: a be-everything. The bright coat not only does everything the black coat does, it does more. What could change colour *this* much? Well, for one thing, the depth of fluff rising off the new wools, mohairs, and tweeds. For another, the coats themselves. Retirement isn't in their contract. Slow-downs in the two or three really hot months could end with an unexpected plane trip, or a forward-looking cold snap, or with the new fashion bait of a white silk dress on a breezy summer terrace this minute. The cyclamen coat at right, for instance, has a week-by-week system of key colour changes: with white now; with bright pink or a dramatic lapis blue two months from now. The violet coat, page 31, relies for some of its beauties on a good measure of brown or blue in the suit and dress end of things. Blue, in a shade that a blue-eyed woman thought couldn't be found outside heaven—found in the coat on page 28. Heavenly combinations with this: bright navy-blue, any of the wool sapphires around now, pale-blue challis, deep moss green, violet, or deep red. Hat outlook? Every coat here is worn and somehow "cooled" with close little binders of exactly matching silks. Seductive feather wigs would be the next fashion step. The orange coat (page 30) with a yellow jersey sheath and one of the new stitched velvet hats, also orange, might be the choice of a woman with auburn hair (the auburn colour bought just for this coat occasion, perhaps). A dress in nearly any shade of grey would belong here, as would one in the vitamized cognac-brown shading you'll be seeing. Which brings up the virtue of soft-pedalling. With a brilliant setup, hat and even jewellery in the coat's key is a good plan. Editor's note: very dark brown shoes are a good "rule one." As for the red coat: it's never been smarter. One Mrs. Exeter we know admits to spending at least two semesters a year this way: red coat plus thin-wool suit, plus half a dozen dresses in amenable colours—and, as she puts it, "Amenable now includes green." A woman subject to night-fading might wear a high-key coat over all-black to bring the black "up" in intensity. A soft but brilliant colour is one of the best wattage-buffers we know.

The bright coat—heroine of a hundred looks

Right: Fluffed cyclamen wool tweed—a coat of the wardrobe-in-itself class, its merits visible here, photographed at a two-block distance through a telephoto lens. Important: the volume, of colour and shape; the collar hollowed for pearls or a small fur. With this coat and the red and orange coats following: silk hair binders designed by Lilly Daché. Coat by Tiffeau-Busch, in Anglo wool; about $145. Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Stockings with all the coats: Hanes seamless. Coty Vibrant lipstick.

WILLIAM KLEIN



TAXI
TAXI
TAXI
TAXI
TAXI

The bright coat *continued*

Left: A vivid cornflower blue coat—
here, taxi-flanked. The waist is high, double-breasted;
the collar, a small shawl. Of Forstmann wool;
about $125 at Saks Fifth Avenue;
Julius Garfinckel; L. S. Ayres.
Below: Traffic-stopping red coat—the stoppee,
a Dodge Custom Royal Convertible
with the new picture-window windshield; it accents
its redness with white Swept Wings.
The coat has a notched collar, an ovaled shape that's
double-breasted to the knees. By Dan Millstein,
of Italian wool by Bart Schwartz International;
about $125 at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman;
Hudson's; Joseph Magnin. DeLiso Debs shoes.

WILLIAM KLEIN

The bright coat *continued*

Above: Orange coat of wool-mohair-Vicara, with a little hedge collar. With it, an orange sweater of knitted wool and Vicara, an orange and red plaid brushed wool skirt. All, by Jantzen; coat, about $40; sweater, about $11; skirt, about $17. At Bloomingdale's; Famous-Barr; Frederick & Nelson.

Right: Deep purple tweed—a wonderful coat for all day, all year, over nearly all colours. This, with a square collar, a look of narrowness. By Harry Frechtel, of Lesur wool; about $160, at Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Andrew Geller shoes. Lipstick: Rose Bleu by Orlane.

WILLIAM KLEIN




NO
PARKING
FRI



New rise of feathers

This page, three of the first cross-climate hats to make an appearance in July, and their appearance is news: speckled feathers on the scene again. Two are close little wigs that could solve, once and for all, the theatre-hat problem. The other, a daytime cloche of speckled feathers—news, for a start, in the bright-coat atmosphere.
Top: Tendril-wig of black and red speckled feathers, threaded with a bright pink velvet band. By Sally Victor.
Below, left: A tilt of brown, black, and white feathers on a black velvet band. Cloche, by Adolfo of Emme.
Below, right: Grey, green, black, and white feather wig, by Sally Victor.
All hats this page, also at I. Magnin.



New fall of beads

Facing page, a day-to-day look that's just about to catch fire: beads with a quick crystal-flicker called *vitrail.*
We like them en masse—they're worn in triplicate here.
The subject they're shedding light on: a new race of track sweater—a long, loose, brick-red soufflé. Rose and green vitrail beads, by Vendôme; each sixty-inch rope, $28*. Altman's.
Mohair-wool-and-nylon sweater, by Jane Irwill; about $12. Altman's; Harzfeld's; Haggarty's. Ar-Ex Flamingo lipstick and nail polish.

*PLUS TAX



KAREN RADKAI



COFFIN



The new narrows –

no stops through the year

Narrow is the word to watch: narrower dress-looks, closer-fitting coiffures to wear with them. But the outlook's broad—there isn't a dress on these six pages that couldn't be whipped out of the closet in the middle of winter as well as on the first of July or the last of August; there isn't a coiffure that doesn't figure in the autumn hat-reports. Above all, there isn't a look that doesn't smack of news: July 1 is when fashion signals start clicking for the season to come.



This page: Late-day blackery at the height of its powers—which are considerable, as any woman knows: up to anything short of a big party any month of any year. Crêpe de Chine, bloused, narrow—and easy (that's a point to remember about narrowness now). By Jane Derby, in Bianchini silk about $125. At Bergdorf Goodman; Hudson's; Harzfeld's; I. Magnin. Lambskin gloves by Superb. Margaret Jerrold shoes: Lord & Taylor.
Facing page: Hat part of the dress-plan here—a wig of black point d'esprit veiling, glossed with satin. To order, at Bergdorf Goodman.



KAREN RADKAI





Coiffures coming in: neater narrower, higher at the back, short. This, parted at the side, lifted over the crown. At front, a clean sweep of brow. Coiffures on these two pages, by Kenneth of Lilly Daché.

Left: *Olive-green and violet silk surah, high-waisted, about a stride wide. (To count in its stride: most days, all seasons, the deep violet coat described on page 31 of this issue.) By David Goodstein, about $70. At Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus.*
Right: *A dress that could become a daily habit—365 days. Thin black faille with the new easy narrowness, a belt-threaded waist, shirt-effects. By Hannah Troy, of accetate faille, about $90. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; Frost Bros. Gilt bracelets, both pages, by Castlecliff, also Saks Fifth Avenue.*





Higher, slimmer, a
centre-parted coiffure
with two levels of
waves at the side,
a close, puffed-up
tassel of hair
at the back.





Récamier hair,
based on close-fitting
tendrils, a braided
fake chignon,
worn high.
Coiffure by
Coiffures Americana.





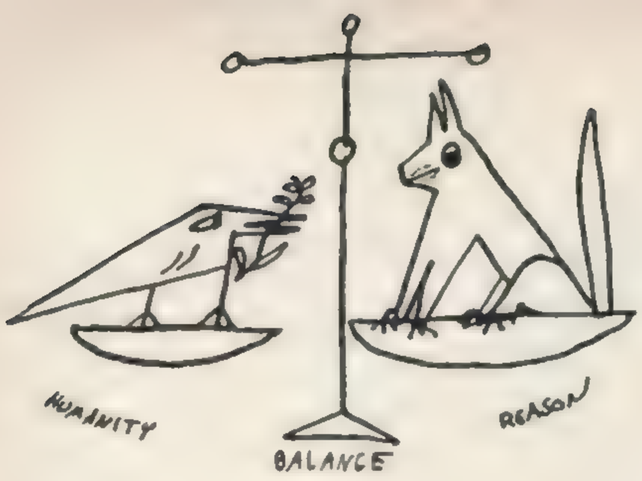
Clean brow, layers
of waves. The topmost
layer, parted,
raised above the crown
at the end
of a centre part.
Coiffure by
Kenneth of Lilly Daché.



Left: *Six o'clock black jersey, slender, panelled—applicable even in July, where July doesn't include a heat wave. (It doesn't in San Francisco, Paris, London, Brussels, Melbourne.) By Gaston Mallet, in Jasco worsted jersey; about $145. At Henri Bendel; I. Magnin. Eisenberg earrings, also at Henri Bendel. Evins shoes: I. Miller.*
Right: *A dress that stands narrowly; in motion, there's a pleasant amount of skirt floating past the high bowed waistline. By Sylvan Rich, in thin black crêpe of Avisco rayon; about $55. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Neiman-Marcus. Eisenberg bracelets at Saks Fifth Avenue. Suède T-strap sandals, by Sandler of Boston.*



KAREN RADKAI

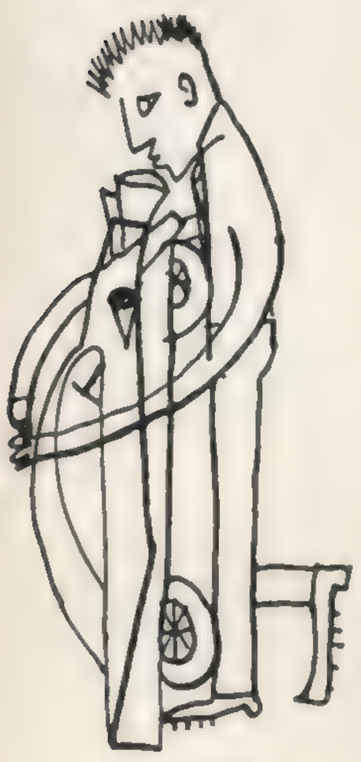


Who has

BY ASHLEY MONTAGU



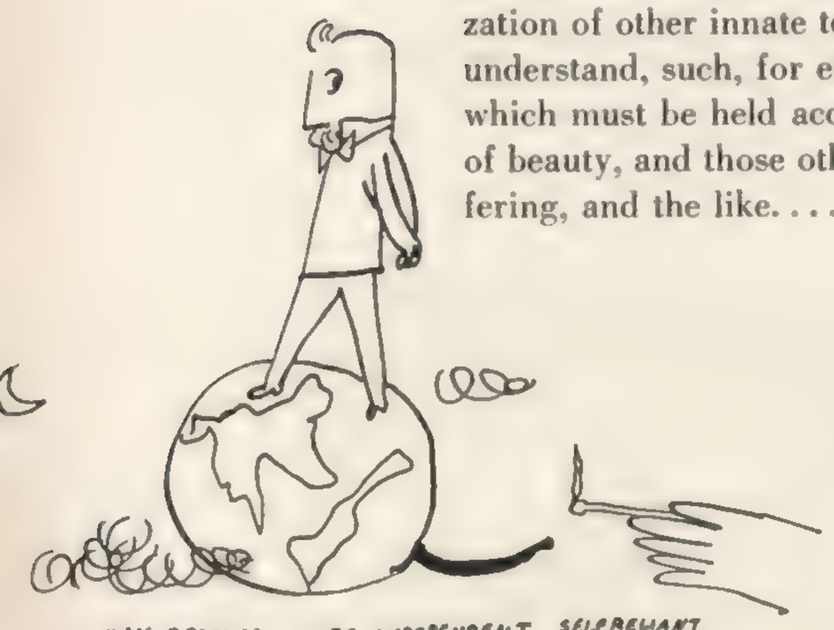
EDITOR'S NOTE: Ashley Montagu, who carries the complete markings of the cultivated man, has called his twentieth book *The Cultured Man,* fully aware of the debasement of the word culture, which so often just rhymes with multure. From that book, to be published later this month, come this excerpt and the 100 question quiz. An opinionated, stimulating, famous anthropologist with various other professional interests, Dr. Montagu in his book wrote a preamble on the marks of the cultured man and set 1.500 culture questions, representing, not a sample testing, but his own not too dogmatic view of the knowledge and attitudes which together help form the cultivated man. A serious book, it is fun.

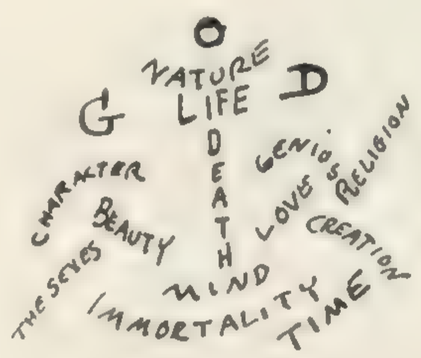


The principal mark of the cultured man is not so much knowledge, as his attitude of mind in relating his knowledge to the world of experience. It is a common error to equate knowledge with culture, just as education is usually falsely identified with culture—they are not the same things. Knowledge and education are indispensable parts of the cultured man's equipment, but in themselves they do not confer the grace of culture. Television quiz programs have, in recent times, graphically presented to our senses abundant examples of this truth. To know the answers to questions on points of fact may be highly profitable on quiz programs, but not nearly as valuable in terms of the experience of life as being immediately able to feel as one ought and to act as one should in the situations that arise. In the situations of daily life it is not so much factual answers that are required of us as humane acts. Such acts are not usually a function of memory, of the facts we can recall, but they are, rather, an expression of feeling—or at least, they seem to be so. The truth is that such feelings are compounded of acts which are in part the result of training both in emotion and reason, and in part the result, probably, of the organization of other innate tendencies which we as yet scarcely understand, such, for example, as those æsthetic impulses which must be held accountable for the strange necessity of beauty, and those other impulses of sympathy with suffering, and the like. . . .

One of the best definitions of culture I know is Alfred North Whitehead's: "Culture is activity of thought, and receptiveness to beauty and humane feeling." The activity of thought not only of one's self but an interest in that of others, and the humane feeling not only of others but of one's self. The receptiveness to beauty and humane feeling from without, and the capacity for beauty and humane feeling within and as it stems from oneself—these are necessary and essential traits of the cultured man, but alone they are not enough to make a cultured man; the other necessary condition that must be fulfilled is "activity of thought." By "activity of thought" is to be understood several things. The first of these is that the cultured man is characterized by a mind that is *actively interested;* it is a mind that latches on to things, that with some intensity

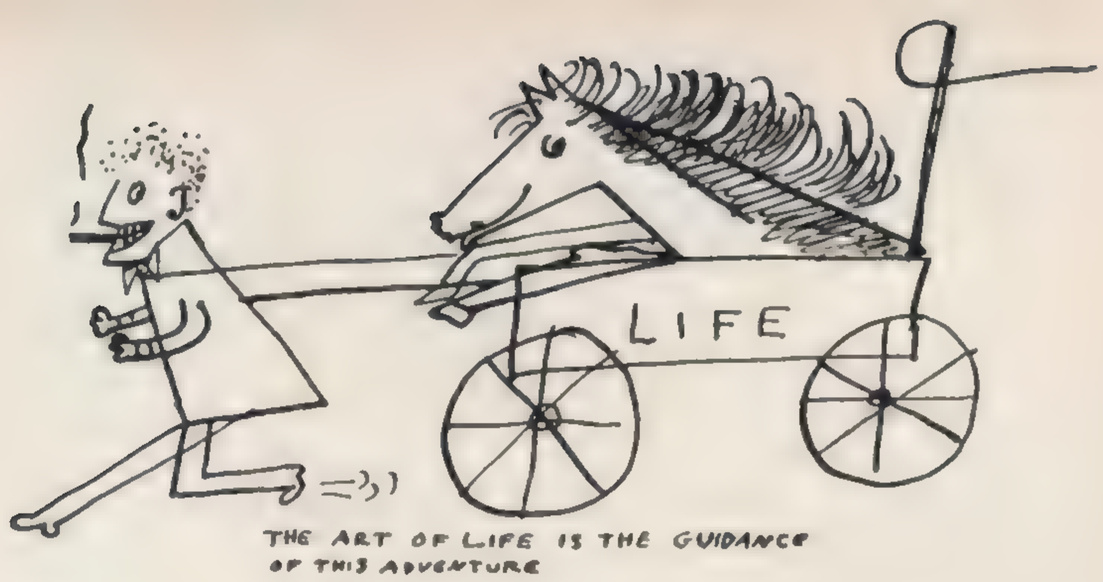






DRAWINGS BY PRISCILLA PECK

the culture?



is constantly attentive, because it is very much alive and excited by the nature of things and curious as to their being, because the actively thinking mind constantly wants to know. Curiosity is one of the permanent and certain characteristics of a vigorous mind.

The second aspect of "activity of thought" is the ability to use one's mind as a finely analytic tool, a tool critically capable of probing the evidence and arriving at sound conclusions, sound in terms not alone of a positive or a negative "Yes" or "No," but also of "I don't know," and of suspended judgment. It was Cardinal Newman who wrote that "A liberal education is the education which gives a man a clear, conscious view of his own opinions and judgment, a truth in developing them, an eloquence in expressing them, and a force in urging them. It teaches him to see things as they are, go right to the point, to disentangle a skein of thought, to detect what is sophistical, and to discard what is irrelevant." . . . "Education," as Whitehead put it, should be "the guidance of the individual towards a comprehension of the art of life. . . . Each individual embodies an adventure of existence. The art of life is the guidance of this adventure." . . .

Sound thinking contributes to sound health both of mind and of body in the individual, and thus contributes to the welfare of society. Indeed, there is good evidence that thinking, the use of the mind, is as necessary an exercise for the mind's health as is the exercise of the muscles of the legs for walking. And just as one has to learn to walk, so, too, one has to learn to think. It is thought, Pascal said, that makes the greatness of man. . . .

It is one of the marks of the cultured man that he presents a unity; he is not a humane man *and* a thinking man, but his humanity and his reason seem to be all of a piece, and so much of a piece that it seems impossible to separate the one from the other—so that his humanity never overcomes his reason, nor does his reason ever replace his humanity, but both work in harmony and balance together. . . . And this is yet another mark of the cultured man: that he is profoundly interested in bringing the benefits of culture to all his fellow men regardless of their physical or psychological characteristics. It is a mark of the cultured man that he is aware of the fact that equality is an ethical and not a biological principle. . . .

The man who does not know how to make the best use of his leisure is likely to find it tiresome—idleness is a most fatiguing disorder, and one that can readily become endemic among a people unprepared for the intelligent use of leisure. . . . Not only is the wise use of leisure a mark of the cultured man, but the value he places upon a certain amount of privacy in the use of it is another, for the cultured man is a contemplative man, one who has learned the proper balance between the active and the contemplative life. . . .

The cultured man has a sense of humour. . . . A sense of humour includes very much more than the ability to see the funny side of things. It implies a certain balanced resilience, a steadiness of mental stance, a certain interior perspective. . . . The cultured man is free of prejudices. He does not indulge in prejudgment. He does not believe in the process of supporting emotional judgments with handy reasons. He will not make judgments on insufficient evidence, finding such practice repugnant to everything for which he stands. . . . He does not believe that truth is determined by a show of hands. Being aware of the vagaries of the human mind he is particularly careful about checking his "facts" recollected from memory, for he is aware that memory often tends to be a process of retroactive falsification. . . . The cultured man is a man of integrity, of sound moral principle. To himself being true he cannot be false to any man. . . .

The cultured man is an encourager of the unique in personality; the idiosyncratic and the eccentric appeal to him. . . . The cultured man . . . is suspicious of those who consider themselves virtuous, for he knows that virtue is often more dangerous than vice because it tends to be free of the constraints of the conscience, that the sense of virtue can be as corrupting as the sense of power. . . .





Quiz: on knowledge and attitudes, see the next page.

100 Questions

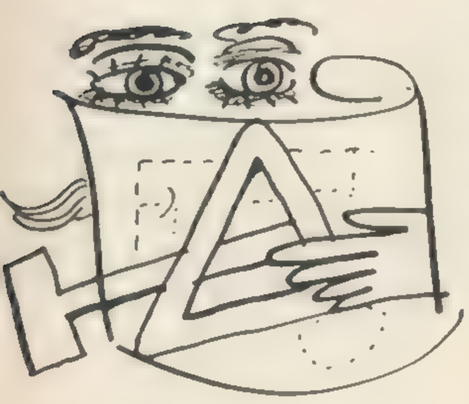
THE ARTS



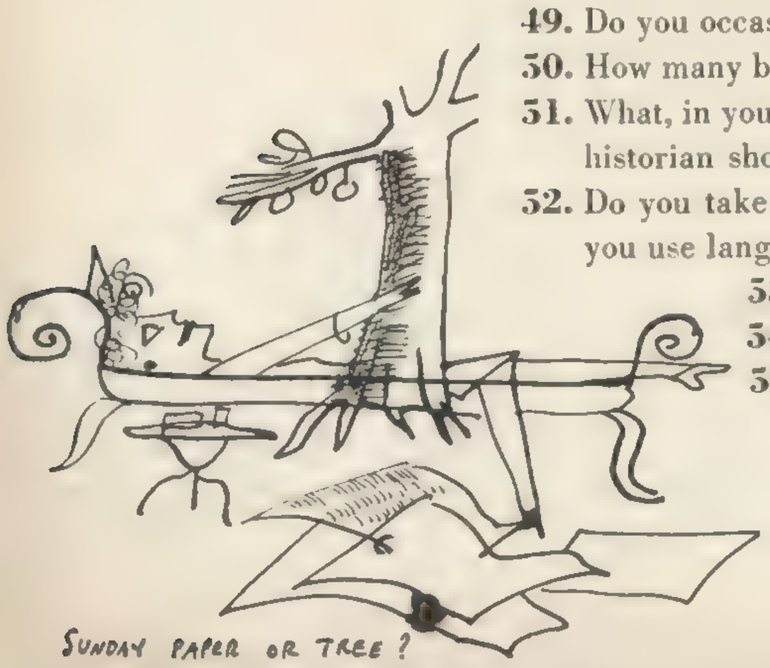
1. Who said: "The secret of being miserable is to have the leisure to bother about whether you are happy or not"?
2. The first Woman's Rights Convention was held in what year?
3. The oldest university in America is?
4. Who were the first reigning European sovereigns to set foot on American soil?
5. The date of the Battle of Gettysburg?
6. What is the Perpendicular style in architecture?
7. Who wrote *The Stones of Venice?*



8. The first skyscraper in New York was?
9. Who was the originator of Pointillism?
10. Who introduced oil painting?
11. Name the composer of *The Fire Bird.*
12. A choreographer is?
13. Who is Martha Graham?
14. Who was Thorstein Veblen?
15. Do publishers print books?
16. The stoa was?
17. Who wrote *Oedipus Rex?*
18. When and where did the Industrial Revolution begin?
19. What is xenophobia?
20. The Crimean War was a fiasco because?
21. Semantics is?
22. Who said: "Any fool can ask unanswerable questions"?
23. *Amicus curiæ* in legal terminology means?
24. Who was the original of Buck Mulligan?
25. Do you suffer bores gladly?
26. Are you punctual?
27. Are you a good listener?
28. Who wrote *Green Pastures?*
29. Who was the producer and director of *Nanook of the North?*
30. Who was Henry Purcell?
31. Name the author of *Ghosts.*
32. Who wrote the opera *Pelléas et Mélisande?*
33. Who wrote the opera *Peter Grimes?*
34. Existentialism is?
35. Define communism.
36. What was the Weimar Republic?
37. What is the opposite of "love"?
38. What is the best-known thesaurus in English?
39. What are the Dead Sea Scrolls?
40. Who was Stanislavsky?
41. Who said: "The trouble with people is not that they don't know, but that they know so much that ain't so"?
42. Define serendipity.
43. From what science is the word *eccentric* derived?
44. Are you able to read music?
45. Do you vote for the party or the man?
46. Should Alaska and Hawaii be granted statehood?
47. Have you read any books on archaeology?
48. The most important quality in an architect is?
49. Do you occasionally visit art galleries and exhibitions?
50. How many books a year do you read?
51. What, in your view, is the most important trait that the historian should possess?
52. Do you take especial care about the manner in which you use language?
53. Do you read poetry?
54. Do you see any foreign literary reviews?
55. If TV as a form of entertainment ceased to exist, would it affect you in any way?



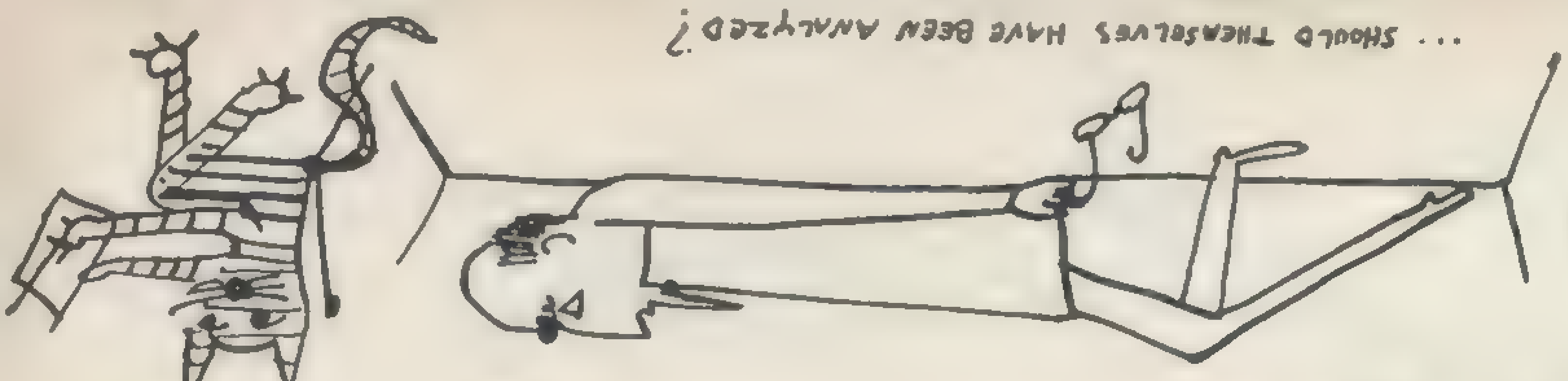




56. The best way to lay the foundations in childhood for the development of a cultivated person is?
57. What would you recommend to parents who disagree on discipline?
58. Do you use reference works often?
59. Do you believe a person has a right to be a nonbeliever?
60. Do you read works relating to social problems?

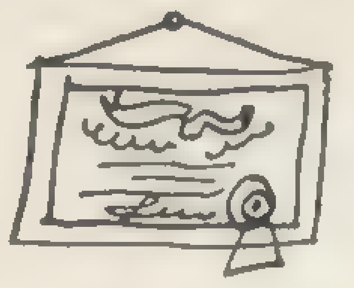
THE SCIENCES

61. Define agriculture.
62. Hydroponics is?
63. What is the hardest substance in the body?
64. Do hair and nails continue to grow for a short time after death?
65. Do innately determined mental differences exist between the so-called "races" of mankind?
66. What twentieth-century people were unable to make fire?
67. Who was Heinrich Schliemann?
68. What is the use of an artificial satellite?
69. Who was Havelock Ellis?
70. What is a gene?
71. Osmosis is?
72. What is Gresham's law?
73. A savannah is?
74. Distinguish between stalactites and stalagmites.
75. Who gave the first account of the circulation of the blood?
76. What is the principal way of studying the heavens, by eye or by camera?
77. Who discovered the electron?
78. The differential calculus was invented by?
79. Who was Archimedes?
80. Why do females live longer than males?
81. Are there any societies in which marriage does not exist?
82. Who was Paracelsus?
83. What is ACTH?
84. What is a calorie?
85. Distinguish between centripetal and centrifugal force.
86. Are men or women more resistant to emotional stress?
87. Distinguish between anthropology and sociology.
88. What is the Rosetta Stone?
89. Is there any genuine ground for a belief in the idea of progress?
90. The Sunday edition of one metropolitan newspaper requires the cutting of half a square mile of forest trees. Which would you rather have, the Sunday paper every week or the knowledge that the trees are preserved?
91. Do you take exercise?
92. Do you think that race prejudice can be significantly reduced by legislation?
93. Do you think that astronomy ought to form a more intensive part of the curriculum of our schools?
94. Which has the greater adaptive value in man, competition or cooperation?
95. Can a person be considered cultivated who has no working knowledge of chemistry?
96. Is economics a moral science concerned with human values or not?
97. Do you think the weather influences our moods?
98. Do you think an elementary knowledge of geology indispensable to the educated man?
99. Do you think that mathematics is an essential part of the equipment of the well-educated man?
100. Why is it desirable that all practising psychoanalysts should themselves have been analysed?



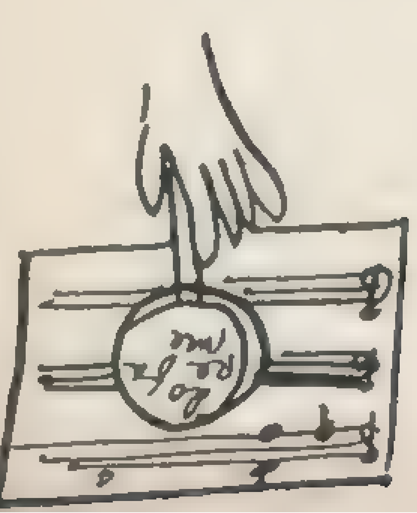
& Answers

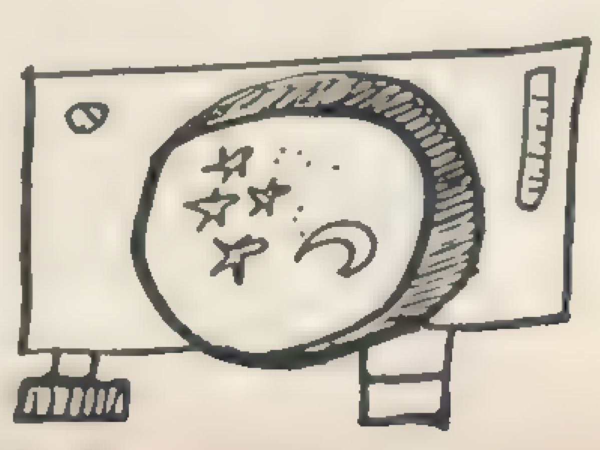
Turn to page 102 for your rating

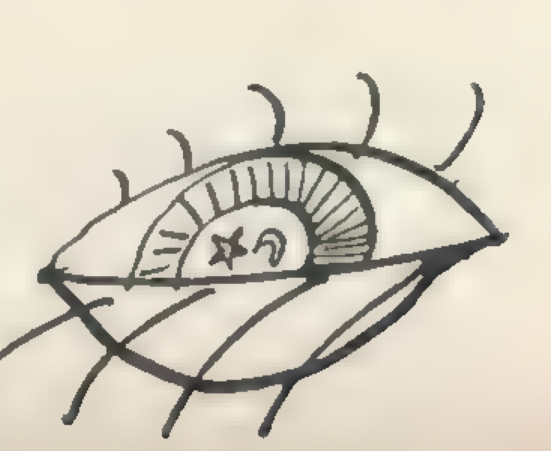


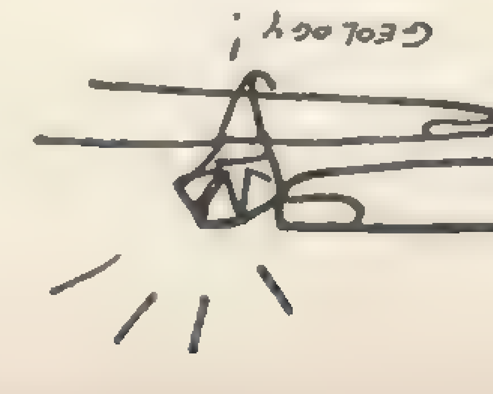
1. George Bernard Shaw (1856-1950).
2. The first Woman's Rights Convention was held in 1848.
3. Harvard University, founded in 1636.
4. The first reigning European sovereigns on American soil were King George VI and his Queen.
5. The date of the Battle of Gettysburg is July 1-3, 1863.
6. Perpendicular style in architecture is characterized by the perpendicular or vertical lines of its pillars and tracery in the final period of English Gothic (late fourteenth to mid-sixteenth century).
7. *The Stones of Venice* was written by Ruskin.
8. The first skyscraper in New York, the Flatiron Building, was erected in 1902.
9. The originator of Pointillism was Seurat.
10. Hubert van Eyck (c. 1366-1426) and Jan van Eyck (c. 1385-1441) have been called the originators of oil painting.
11. The composer of *The Fire Bird* is Stravinsky.
12. A choreographer is a person who designs the movements of a dance.
13. Martha Graham is an outstanding dancer.
14. Thorstein Veblen (1857-1929), American economist and social scientist, who has had an increasingly wider influence since his death. His most famous book is *The Theory of the Leisure Class.*
15. Publishers, with a few exceptions, do not print books; the printers they employ do that. Publishers publish books.
16. The Greek stoa was a covered walk or portico with a wall on one side and pillars on the other. From their habit of meeting in a stoa, the Stoic philosophers derived their name.
17. *Oedipus Rex* was written by Sophocles.
18. The Industrial Revolution began in England about 1750.
19. Xenophobia (from Greek *xenos*, stranger, and *phobos*, fearing) is a fear of and hatred of strangers or foreigners.
20. The Crimean War was a fiasco because of the gross incompetence of practically all its leaders. Nevertheless, it put an end to the then dominant rôle of Russia in southeastern Europe.
21. Semantics is the branch of linguistics concerned with the nature, structure, and, especially, the development and changes of the meanings of speech forms. Also, the scientific study of the relations between signs, or symbols, and what they mean or denote.
22. Cardinal Newman.
23. *Amicus curiæ* means a friend of the court, an advisor with no personal interest in the case; specifically, one who assists the court.
24. The original of Buck Mulligan, a character in James Joyce's *Ulysses*, was Oliver St. John Gogarty, Irish author and surgeon.
25. In medieval times bores (or boars—the same thing) used to be shot as a form of sport. We have grown more civilized. But no one should suffer a bore gladly. The age of chivalry is past, and bores have succeeded bogeymen.
26. It was Louis XVIII who said that punctuality is the politeness of kings. Since very few men are ever kings, punctuality seems to be among the rarest of virtues. You should be punctual within reason, turning up at the stated time yourself, but do not be angry when others don't.
27. Those who listen learn. "It is the province of knowledge to speak and it is the privilege of wisdom to listen": Oliver Wendell Holmes.
28. *Green Pastures* is by Marc Connelly.
29. The producer and director of *Nanook of the North* was Robert Flaherty (1884-1951), American explorer and moving-picture producer.
30. Henry Purcell (1659-1695), English composer.
31. *Ghosts* is by the Norwegian dramatist, Henrik Ibsen (1828-1906).
32. The composer of *Pelléas et Mélisande* is Claude Debussy (1862-1918).
33. *Peter Grimes* was composed by Benjamin Britten (1913-   ), English composer.
34. Existentialism is a literary-philosophic cult of nihilism and pessimism, popularized in France after World War II chiefly by Jean-Paul Sartre (1905-   ). It holds that each man exists as an individual in a purposeless universe, and that he must oppose his hostile environment through the exercise of his free will.
35. Communism is the theory or system of the ownership of all means of production (and distribution) by the community or society, with all members of the community or society sharing in the work and in the products. It is characterized by state planning and control of the economy, ruthless suppression of all opposition political parties and all deviation within the Party, and the suppression of individual liberties under a dictatorship. A state which puts economics before human beings.
36. The Weimar Republic, the German Republic which lasted from 1919 to 1933; its constitutional assembly met at Weimar in 1919.
37. The opposite of love is indifference—not hatred.
38. Peter Mark Roget (1779-1869), *Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases*; first edition, 1852.
39. The Dead Sea Scrolls are a group of manuscripts, many in fragmentary state, found between 1947 and 1952 in caves along the northwest shore of the Dead Sea. These manuscripts date back to an age from about 170 B.C. to 68 A.D. The importance of the scrolls is that they throw much new light upon the beliefs and practices of Jewish sectarians of the last two centuries before Christ, and by their content serve to illuminate the sources of a Christian doctrine.
40. Konstantin Stanislavsky (1863-1938), Russian actor, producer, and teacher of acting.
41. Josh Billings (Henry Shaw, 1818-85).
42. Serendipity, an aptitude for making fortunate discoveries accidentally.
43. The word *eccentric* is derived from astronomy.
44. The ability to read music should be a minimal accomplishment.
45. One should vote for the man, regardless of party affiliation.
46. Alaska and Hawaii should, of course, be granted statehood.
47. If you've read one or more, take full marks.
48. The most important quality in an architect is his competence to design a building which is at once efficient and beautiful.
49. It is hoped that you visit an art gallery or an exhibition at least once a year.
50. You *should* read a book a month, at least.
51. The most important trait of the historian should be objectivity, which means that he will take no man's word for anything, but check everything for himself.
52. If it is true, as Dr. Johnson said, that language is the dress of thought, the conclusion is only too painfully obvious. So, then, if you take especial care about the manner in which you dress your thought, you may go to the head of the class.
53. "Poetry," wrote Wordsworth, "is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science." In which case it must be, and is, indispensable to the cultured man.
54. Foreign literary reviews or journals keep one abreast of what is going on in the rest of the world; hence, they should be seen.
55. If TV ceased to exist as a form of entertainment, it might leave you with more time for other profitable uses of time.
56. The best way to lay the foundations in childhood for the development of a cultured person is to endow him with cultured parents in a cultured environment.
57. Parents who disagree on discipline should go to a detached person whose judgment they respect and agree to abide by his decision.
58. References should always be checked.
59. Every person has a right to believe exactly what he chooses to believe.
60. It is to be hoped that social problems are sufficiently important to share your attention, at least, with other interests.
61. Agriculture is the art or science of cultivating food plants, other crops, and animals.
62. Hydroponics is the art or science of growing plants in solutions containing the necessary minerals, instead of in the soil.
63. The hardest substance in the body is the enamel of the teeth.
64. Hair and nails do not continue to grow at any time after death. What happens is that the skin contracts, thus exposing more hair and nail.
65. No one knows. But the probabilities seem to be that if such differences do exist they are relatively minor.

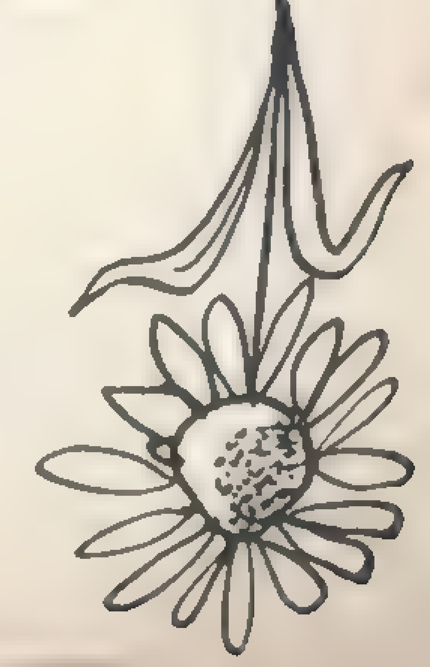
(*Continued on page 99*)











PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The tall, imperious General de Gaulle, like Laocoön, grappling with the serpentine problems of the premiership of France; the near serpent, the deadly North African trouble. . . . *ESP*, the new TV program, starting this month, in which extra-sensory perception is the point; the participants need no qualifications, the home viewers need some *ESP*, plus a desire to get a chance at $100,000 cash, given weekly. . . . The three-year study of artists in analysis, with its conclusion that psychoanalysis proves helpful rather than destructive to creative ability, a conclusion which may dilute the neurotic fears of those who say, "Take away my twitch and you take my talent, too"; New York's Postgraduate Center for Psychotherapy made the study.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The crawl, the trade name for the listings of credits that unroll endlessly at the finish of TV shows. . . . Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman in the happy *Indiscreet*, a long and loose movie about adultery as practised by adults, in which Miss Bergman looks forty and beautiful and all the more so for looking forty, and in which Mr. Grant, looking a relaxed and thin fifty, plays a man with such conscious charm that it seems extraordinarily witty of him.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . A remarkably complicated and beautiful book, *The Inward Vision*, showing effectively some Paul Klee drawings, writings, and sixteen colour reproductions of his water colours, all detachable from the book to which the publisher, Harry N. Abrams, has smartly added two separate, removable slip-frames on the back cover. . . . The refreshed definition of a camel: a horse planned by a committee.



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The gag calling card, BEAT THE RECESSION, Buy Me a Drink at Five O'clock. . . . The attractive and manageable book, *The Metropolitan*, by its Curator of Paintings, Theodore Rousseau, junior, who has cogently documented eighty of the museum's great paintings and who has added such felicitous facts as the felicity that more than two million people a year visit the place. . . . Shirley Booth at her comic peak in the delightful movie, *The Matchmaker;* almost keeping up with her, Shirley MacLaine who, at her best, has the lunatic innocence of a Carole Lombard.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Jean Harlow whose phosphorescent blondness fizzes all over TV late at night, illuminating, twenty-five years later, what all the fuss was about. . . . *The Hard Blue Sky*, a novel by Shirley Ann Grau who has found a fresh group of Southerners, the clannish people of Louisiana bayous, and shown them richly, relying on sensory details, a little sex, and a style that seems deliberately sloppy, but vigorous. . . . Pretty Celeste Holm whose nightclub act has the right amount of taste and low comedy, with perhaps a touch too much of eye-batting charm.

ELLIOTT ERWITT



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Shelley Berman, a small, dark-haired, intensely funny young man with a wild ear for the too-pat intellectual phrases, who roams the night-club circuit with self-written monologues filled with references to Zen, psychosis, and Oedipus—especially a thing called "Franz Kafka on the telephone." . . . The July trial yacht races of four United States 12-metre class boats racing each other for the honour of going against the British yacht, "Sceptre," late in September off Newport, to defend the America's Cup, a tall, bulbous silver trophy, almost unequalled in ugliness and international fame.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The British happiness with the idiot American song, "Lollipop." . . . The movie, *The Vikings*, big, awful, but still entertaining, in which at the end a one-eyed Kirk Douglas, killed by a one-handed Tony Curtis is given a viking's funeral and sent into the sunset on a flaming ship; "Douglas *flambé*," somebody said. . . . *Czars and Presidents* by Alexandre Tarsaïdze who has written an interesting book, tracing the confused relationships between the United States and Russia, beginning with the refusal of Catherine the Great to lend a few Cossack regiments to the English to stamp out the "American insurrection."

THE QUICK HAPPY LIFE OF DR. HENRY A. KISSINGER.

At thirty-five, eight years out of Harvard College, Dr. Kissinger has had an extraordinarily packed, rising, creative career. Known to most Congressmen and Pentagon military, to many of the literate public, and to most of the eminent thinkers in the fields of national defense, economics, and education, he has an increasing influence in those fields. He is a delightful, smiling, rather short man with fair skin and hair cut *en brosse*, who has the faculty of explaining abstruse subjects as though they were as simple as watering begonias. In addition, he has a talent for negotiating agreements on concepts with hard-minded men. For the four Rockefeller Reports, for instance, he persuaded such concept agreements from some thirty-five men all used to giving orders, few to giving ground. As Director of Special Studies for the Rockefeller Brothers Fund, which has just published "The Pursuit of Excellence," a study with conclusions about education and what the country needs to do, Dr. Kissinger organizes the studies and writes most of the reports. The first one this year, the Report on "The Problems of U.S. Defense," had not only a sale of about one hundred thousand, but also an effect on the plans for the reorganization of the Pentagon.

These Reports, however, are not his only job. At Harvard, he is Director of the Defense Studies Program, a lecturer in the Political Science department. Associate Director of the Center for International Affairs, and runs the International Seminar at the Summer School, to which come some forty leaders from twenty-one countries. He started the Seminar in 1951; later while working for his doctorate in political science (given in 1954) he became a consultant to the government. His government work began, however, when he was drafted in 1943, leaving in the lurch his civilian work as a shipping clerk. During the war he served in the European theatre, first with the 84th Infantry Division and later with the Counter-Intelligence Corps, where he rose to staff sergeant and was decorated with the Bronze Star. In his famous book, *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy*, which grew out of a series of conferences with a study group of experts at the Council on Foreign Relations, he made the point of the close connection between foreign policy and military strength, stressing the impossibility of maintaining peace unless we understand *what* we want in the world and how to achieve it.

His Rockefeller Reports usually are rather short, simply written, and profoundly thought out, with several pages of conclusions for the hurried who can't bother to read the arguments leading to those conclusions. Unlike the Reports, his signature is rather beautiful but illegible except for the strong initials. An unhurried man with a leisurely manner, Dr. Kissinger has been married for nine years and been the editor for six years of *Confluence, an International Forum*, which he says nobody reads.



DOISNEAU

I WENT TO THE FAIR...

By ROSEMARY BLACKMON

"Preserve your innocence," remarked an astute and almost alarmingly sophisticated writer to me shortly before I went off on Sabena's invitation flight to the opening of the Brussels Fair. Actually, since the mere thud of a cliché like "roving reporter" (shades of Rosalind Russell in a trench coat) turns me to a mousse of envy, there was no cause for alarm.

On an April Sunday with the climate of late June, we took off—about fifty of us, representing a mixed bag of magazines, newspapers, and TV—from Idlewild in a tea-time flurry of champagne, white orchids, and high spirits. Just a fast whizz down the runway, a lift as quick and easy as a Moiseyev dancer's.... Pre-Fair, Brussels lore in my mind was limited pretty much to Becky Sharp at the Eve-of-Waterloo ball and Byron's description of the same date, "There was a sound of revelry by night...." Air-borne, the eve of the Fair was in somewhat the same spirited vein, and next morning, before I'd suffered more than a flicker of plane claustrophobia, we were circling the Fair, dipping, angling so that the flat Belgian land stretched upright alongside the plane. High and luminous above the sandbox plain, stood the Atomium, dazzling in the slight haze of a blue day, looking not one bit like its pictures. Minutes later, we came down neatly at Melsbroek Airport, where a Russian Tupolev had just landed and several of the famous Brussels helicopters plummeted gently down around us.

Tuesday's press preview gave us our first ground-level go at the Fair. There was a cool bite to the wind, but no *drache*—which is what Belgians call the cold, gentle drizzle that falls persistently in their maritime climate. As we drove up to the gate, we passed a wagon drawn by magnificent big Belgian horses, and decorated with wreaths of cornflowers and daisies. In the vast barnlike reception hall, the smell of shavings and fresh cement was in the air, and workmen in blue smocks and berets stood about with that international expression of workmen, scornful of the visitors rushing the show when nothing—as it soon became obvious—was ready. But we moved, some two thousand of us, including a spattering of bearded existentialists, clerical journalists in long black habits, the Swiss in hooded loden coats, and women in those mad, fuzzy fur coats right out of *Paris Match* pictures.

First on the theoretical agenda was a tour of the grounds in open jaunting cars, each labelled with the language of its guide. After a certain amount of standing around waiting for the "English" sign, I boarded a bus marked "Nederlands." Next to me, two solemn chaps in worn overcoats and dull blue hats read through voluminous press kits in Russian. Off we all went for several hundred yards. Then, at the first big intersection, we stopped. The jaunting cars jammed, curled around each other

Inside the U.S. Pavilion in Brussels

Left: Fair visitors rim the pool to see Vogue's fashion show—the model, float-walking at the foot of the ramp.
Lower right: A Saul Steinberg mural of U.S. life, ballooned with undecipherable—but highly imaginable—conversation.

THE FAIR

like snails, and somehow tangled with three or four massive trucks, a lawn roller, a procession of ornamental trees wearing burlap pants, men running in tandem with steel beams—in fact, a superb chaos of Exposition builders.

It was the picnic gone wrong, but hilariously wrong, and with the confusion, the Fair spirit zoomed. In twos and threes, people hopped out of the buses and took to the road, unfolding maps, arguing cheerfully about directions, shouting to friends visible beyond inscrutable fences, but somehow unreachable.

After a certain amount of this genial racketing, I decided to find the U.S. show and, analyzing the map, trudged off on a muddy short cut by way of Thailand. The Thai Pavilion, an enchanting gilded miniature of a Siamese temple—standing quite open to the elements, and the times I was there, quite unattended—looks like nothing else at the Fair. According to Brussels gossip, a Belgian banker has bought it for a summer-house in his garden, and I lingered for a while, admiring both his wit and the Thais's. When I finally faced about, I was smack up against the double impact of the U.S. Pavilion—round, lattice-walled, but somehow dominating across the great frontal pool inhabited by a black whale-like Calder with spouts of fountain—and the Russian Pavilion, obviously the rival show. "I say," said a Scots burr just ahead of me, "*i-ronical* to put them together." Figuring that I belonged to half of the "them," I took a good long look at the situation. No doubt about it; the Russians' idea of architecture was based on either an automobile assembly plant or a deep-freeze factory. I chalked up one for the home team.

We walked around the Colosseum-size periphery and went into the U.S.A. The instant thrill was the sight of the eleven towering trees around which the Pavilion is built—willows fuzzed with a soft, springy show of green brought out early by the fact of a roof. The big indoor pool was empty; a thin blue line of workmen carried baskets of pebbles into it, spreading them ornamentally across the bottom.

Chilled and slightly confused, I retired with some American friends to the restaurant in the Argentine Pavilion, faced in dark glass with jots of red and blue. The management is from Brussels' Canterbury Restaurant; the headwaiter—already a friend of my friends—from Voisin in New York; and the food, terrific. We shared a table with two guides from the German sphere of the Atomium, fresh-faced, slender girls wearing persimmon-coloured hats, and drinking *citronade*.

Back in the "U.S.A." after lunch, I toured the Pavilion with Peter Harnden, who designed its exhibits, a big, sardonic man, dry to the point of Sahara. Our circular path was littered with people and problems about finishing up the exhibits. A clutter of Belgians were eating lunch out of their own lunch boxes on the floor of the Brass Rail restaurant. Photomurals of Manhattan were spread on the floor. Along the "Streetscape" with its American shop windows, its snappy newsstand, there would be, eventually, Harnden explained, U.S. mail boxes, a barber pole, a New York City manhole cover, and other "nonsense elements." It seemed real to him, but I was bewildered, if grateful. Peering through some jaunty portholes, we inspected in action the model children's centre imported from New York's Museum of Modern Art. "Who are the children?" I asked. "Well, this is just a local orphanage here for a dry run." . . . I began to like Harnden's unvarnished style, but some new building crisis swept him away.

Making for an open door, I noted with slight cheer that the men had just begun to fill our pool. From the Netherlands carillon came the sound of a cool, crazed version of *The Star-Spangled Banner*, and overhead our flags snapped noisily in the wind. The Russians, I had been told, were fairly distressed when those flags went up because they thought it meant our exhibit was finished, and sent out a posse to investigate. . . . As a posse of one, I went past the Calder "whale" to their show.

On the front of the massive glass and steel structure is a box-label insignia of, naturally, the hammer and sickle; toiling up to it, Potemkin steps—like the ones in the movie in which The People were shot and rolled down. Loose plastic letters sprawled on a canvas work sheet just inside the door. They spelled: "URSS occupe un territoire de 22 millions de kilometres. . . ." That was the beginning of the overpowering deluge of statistics that form the basic language of Russia's Pavilion.

Even more basic, however, dealing a faster, harder punch is Sputnik, a gleaming colossal hypodermic needle, its side sliced off to show the mechanism. Lined up alongside are photos of Laika and her like, displays of harnesses and intravenous feeding equipment. Acres of heavy machinery flank the central aisle that is Sputnik's, tended by rather cunning scientists with flyaway hair and undersize spectacles. Lenin was there in bronze, still wearing his scaffolding; and some unfinished signs about paid vacations for ALL with photos of comrades lugging heavy flags, lifting weights, and engaging in similar lighthearted pursuits. Beaten by statistics, I stumbled out into the night, casting a friendly, approving glance at the American show from the top of the Russian steps.

Thursday, the opening day of the Exposition, verged close on the *drache*. At the "parkings" we began to see the crowd—official representatives in medals, Congolese families, tonsured monks, photographers in flapping raincoats moving across the *(Continued on page 98)*

New suit that starts with a Vogue Pattern, travels a dream track

New way of travel suit, opposite: amber jersey
with a long, coat-minded jacket, a box-pleated skirt
that takes cobblestones or airplane ladders in its stride.
Third part, invisible here: a put-over of knitted
crêpe worsted jersey in the same glowy amber colour as the
worsted jersey of the jacket and skirt. The starting line
for all three pieces, we repeat, is a Vogue Printed Pattern—S-4905.
Fabric by Sag-No-Mor. John Frederics cloche. Bag by Ronay. Amalfi shoes.
For other views, yardages, details, see page 102. VOGUE PATTERN S-4905.

SANTE FORLANO



HOW TO TALK TO A MAN

BY JEAN KERR

Author of "Please Don't Eat the Daisies"

Of course, I have no statistics, and nobody ever tells me *anything*. But I suspect one reason marriages break up is because some wives, after spending a full hour in rich, deeply-shared silence with the beloved, are apt to remark, "In heaven's name, *say* something, will you?"

The problem stems, quite naturally, from the fact that women speak because they wish to speak, whereas a man speaks only when driven to speech by something outside himself—like, for instance, he can't find any clean socks, or he has just read in a headline that Herbert Hoover foresees no depression in 1958. A wife who really feels cheerful and chatty early in the morning (a circumstance that can be explained only by a faulty metabolism) can always inveigle her husband into conversation by using a little imagination and by learning to snap up cues. She might say, "Speaking of clean socks reminds me, did you read John Hutchens' review of *The Mackerel Plaza?*" Now he's on the spot. He has to say *something*, even if it is only to comment on the total absence of any connection between his socks and *The Mackerel Plaza*.

I have a rather engaging little trick for stirring my own husband into statement. I just quote a few lines from the balcony scene of *Romeo and Juliet*.

"He speaks," I say, in mock lyrical tones, "yet he says nothing. What of that? His eye discourses, I will answer *it*." Thus prodded, he is apt to say things he will have to retract later, but there are risks to everything.

Actually, if you had wanted a husband who would be a stimulating conversationalist, you should have married a mechanic or even a gardener—certainly not an author or a professional man or, last of all, a lecturer. When we got married my husband was a lecturer and professor of drama and I used to imagine the stimulating, intellectual conversation we were going to have at breakfast. Like this:

Me: That play last night was interesting, didn't you think?

Him: Very. Of course, the author is still heavily in debt to Chekhov. You have the despairing protagonist, the shackling environment, the complete stasis in the third act and, of course, the total absence of climax.

Me: Yes, he has an almost kinetic sense of atmosphere, but he never licked the story line.

Him: Licked it? He should have joined it.

(Appreciative chuckles all around.)

This, however, is a transcript of the actual conversation:

Him: (Despairingly) I'll bet this is diet bread.

Me: What's the matter with diet bread?

Him: (After a pause) Everything. Why don't we eat things other people eat?

Me: Such as.

Him: (Passionately) Those flat sticky things with jam inside them. Or muffins. Why don't we ever have muffins?

Me: (Evenly) Very well, dear, we'll have muffins.

Him: (Suspiciously) Oh, I know you. You'll get diet muffins.

We really should have our own radio show.

It's interesting to observe the phenomena that will cause a husband who hasn't opened his yap in weeks suddenly to find the gift of speech. Just order a new coat that differs in any way at all from the last five coats you have owned and watch Big Chief Still-Waters blossom into Alistair Cooke, a veritable fount of articulation. "Yes, I know it's the new style, but we haven't got a space-ship yet. Oh, I see, all the fullness in the back is *supposed* to make you like you're standing in a head wind. Well, never mind. It'll be economical, anyway—in the summer you can take it to the beach and use it as a cabaña." Et cetera.

There is a cure for this. Just take him with you when you go to Bonwit Teller's. Once you deposit him on that chaste Empire sofa in "Misses' Suits" his whole attitude will change—not to mention his pulse, temperature, and rate of breathing. Precisely what causes men to go into shock in Bonwit's I can't imagine. My husband keeps looking from right to left in a state of ashen panic, as though he feared at any moment one of those elegant salesladies was going to snatch him and set his hair. But, at any rate, he brings a more judicious attitude to the subject of high style. "Yeah, yeah," he mutters at my first reappearance from the depths of the dressing room, "it looks great, let's get out of here."

Some men do most of their talking at the movies ("Good Lord, I knew I was in for *Moby Dick*, but you didn't say there was going to be forty minutes of cartoons!"). My father is a man like that. The most he has spoken in thirty years was on a certain unfortunate occasion when my mother (who can't remember the titles of movies) took him for the second time in three weeks to see Bob Hope in *Son of Paleface*.

But let's get down to cases:

How to talk to a man when he's snoring.

When I speak of snoring I do not refer to the simple, rhythmic snorp-bleet, snorp-bleet to which every loyal, understanding wife should adjust. I am here talking of snoring which has the range and crescendo of a musical composition—where you can actually detect a verse, two choruses, and a release. I used to give my husband a gentle shove and whisper, "Honey—turn over—you're snoring." The result was that he turned over and in two minutes was snoring louder than before, while I lay awake for hours planning a separation and wondering what we were going to do about the children and all those monogrammed towels.

Then I learned the trick, which is to get the snorer interested. Don't make statements. Ask questions. Shake him and say, "Darling, what are you trying to say?" Eventually, after a few incoherent "huh, huhs" and "what, whats" he'll ask, "What do you mean, what am I trying to say?" After a few more equally pointless questions and answers he will be so cross that it will be at least fourteen minutes before he'll be able to snore again, giving you ample time to get to sleep first.

How to talk to a man in a fashionable restaurant.

I once read an interview with the Duchess of Windsor in which she said that she and the Duke hated to eat in public restaurants because they had to converse so animatedly and affect such feverish interest in each other—lest rumours start that they were estranged—that she never could enjoy a bit of her dinner. It ought to be (but somehow it isn't) helpful to tell yourself that you're not the Duchess of Windsor and that nobody is even the tiniest bit interested in whether you and your husband have spoken since 1943. The point is that in a restaurant (like Sardi's, for instance) where you are surrounded by the tinkling laughter of beautiful models engaged in vivacious conversation with movie actors, you do feel somehow that you can't just *sit* there, spectres at the feast, looking like two people who have just learned that their 1956 income tax return was being investigated. Of course, there are lots of things on your mind that you *could* say ("Well, you saw that Chris got *D* in Health Habits again," or "The man came about the drier and he says we need a whole new unit"), but this doesn't seem to be the time or the place.

A couple I know have solved the problem beautifully. She just tells him the story of the Three Bears, a narrative which is admirable for the purpose because of its many rising inflections. And he helps her out by occasionally interjecting a remark like "By George, you mean she ate every last bite of the baby bear's porridge?" Do try it sometime. Anybody overhearing you will conclude that you are discussing a new television spectacular—either that, or you're both a little bit dotty. If you should be concerned about this aspect of the matter, or if you should happen to intercept a stunned glance from the waiter, you can always drop in a covering remark like "Red Buttons—*there's* your Baby Bear!"

How to talk to a man when he's taking a shower.

Here you have a captive audience and an ideal opportunity to tell a husband a number of things that you don't exactly want him to hear. (Later on you can say, "Of *course* I told you, you just don't listen.") There is no limit to the amount of unwelcome information you can get off your chest at one clip in these circumstances: "The man from Macy's was here and I took thirty dollars out of your wallet," and "Betty called, she and George are going to drop in," and "The children are going to be in a Humpty-Dumpty play tonight—Col is playing Humpty and John is one of the king's men and we both have to go."

How to talk to a man on the telephone, long distance.

When a man calls you from Tulsa, he invariably makes the mistake of calling either from a public bar or from his mother's living room. Neither setting is exactly conducive to a free exchange of ideas. There, within earshot of his fellow revellers or his mother, he can hardly say the one thing you want to hear, which is that he misses you terribly, it's been a nightmare, a nightmare, and he's never going to make a trip alone again. For that matter, you can't tell him you miss him either, because the children are there with you and they become downright alarmed at any hint that their parents have preserved this degrading adolescent attachment so far into senility. Thus, if you're not careful, it's going to be a total loss of five dollars and eighty-five cents.

Don't, whatever you do, launch into that foolish litany of last-minute health bulletins: "Yes, I'm fine, yes, Chris is fine, yes, Gilbert is fine," et cetera. Let it be understood in advance that if one of the children should be rushed to the hospital for an emergency appendectomy, you'll mention it.

Use the time to clear up some matter that has really been troubling you. Explain that you finally saw *The Bridge on the River Kwai*, and that it was marvellous, marvellous, but you didn't understand the ending. Get him to explain it. Did Alec Guinness mean to set off that dynamite, or didn't he? What about William Holden? Who really killed him? This is important. When William Holden gets shot, a woman wants to know the facts. Later, when you hang up, you may discover that you've forgotten to ask what time his plane arrives at La Guardia, but the call won't have been a total loss.

How to talk to a man before a party.

There are two occasions when a wife absolutely expects that a loyal husband will cleave to her side: when she's having a baby and when she's having a party. (It's interesting to note that the announcements on both occasions always seem to infer that these are joint projects, but, when it comes right down to it, who has that baby and who has that party? *You* do.) No one expects a husband to go out in the kitchen and stuff eggs, but he might try being a moral support during that horrible, hollow half-hour before the first guest arrives. There you are, wandering aimlessly about from ash tray to ash tray, suddenly as much a stranger in your own home as if you were on *Person to Person* showing Ed Murrow around. And one of the reasons why you can't rely on your husband for a comforting remark is because this is precisely the moment he chooses to lay a few asphalt tiles on the floor of the rumpus room.

If you should stand on your rights and say, "Don't you disappear anywhere at all, just stay right here," he will eventually lighten the tension by muttering, "Great Scott, you forgot limes!" What he should say, of course, is something soothing, like "Darling, you look charming in that dress. It reminds me of the night we met, do you remember? You were dancing with Hugh, and I came in with Connie and Leo. . . ."

The last time we had a party I suggested this constructive line of conversation to my husband. He claimed that he'd once said something very similar, and what I said was "In heaven's name, stop chattering about the night we met and go get some ice."

How to talk to a man after you've told him that if he doesn't stop fiddling with that old toaster he is going to blow a fuse, and he does.

There is no way. Just light a candle and count ten or your blessings, whichever is greater.



Mrs. Columbus O'Donnell

Three faces of beauty



Señorita Mercedes Herrera

MRS. O'DONNELL, an Italian-born beauty with sea-green eyes, blond hair, and a quick, amused sparkle, is the former Donna Sibilla Tomacelli Filomarino, of Naples. She received part of her education at Trinity College, Dublin, where her father, the Duca della Torre Eduardo Tomacelli Filomarino, has been Professor of Italian Literature since 1940. Since her marriage last winter to Mr. O'Donnell, the son of Mrs. John F. C. Bryce and the late C. Oliver O'Donnell, she has divided her time between New York and Newport.

SEÑORITA MERCEDES HERRERA is another Latin beauty with un-traditional colouring—she has pale red-gold hair, worn very long, brushed in a smooth sweep around her head or coiled in a chignon, magnificently set off by her white skin, deep-brown eyes. The daughter of Señor and Señora George Herrera of Caracas, Venezuela, she speaks Spanish, French, and English interchangeably; shows talent for writing, in all three.

MLLE. ALBINA DU BOISROUVRAY, daughter of Comte and Comtesse Guy du Boisrouvray of Paris, is one of the loveliest of the young French débutantes of last season. She, too, qualifies as a Latin beauty; her paternal grandmother was Mexican. She has an enchanting oval face, changeable amber eyes, a soft fall of dark-brown hair, and was one of the first young beauties to tie her hair back in a wide headband.

Mlle. Albina du Boisrouvray



CECIL BEATON

THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY

Miss Nicolette Harrison, the seventeen-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Harrison of Netherhampton House, Netherhampton, Wiltshire, is shown here with her father, just before her marriage, in the Wiltshire parish church, to the Marquess of Londonderry. With her satin dress, its train bowed in blue and white, she wore a crown of blossoms.

Carnet de Vogue—the weddings

JAY TE WINBURN



MR. AND MRS. JOHN PARKINSON III

Miss Charlotte Boyer, daughter of Mrs. John Rand and Mr. Allston Boyer, was married at a May wedding in Brookville, Long Island, to Mr. John Parkinson III. Her dress of white faille had a flow of train, and she wore a lace veil that belonged to her mother's family.



ATELIER VON BEHR

MRS. ROBERT BENNETT, JUNIOR

En route to her wedding, Miss Elizabeth Simpson—who is the daughter of Mrs. Kenneth Simpson of New York, and the late Kenneth F. Simpson—was photographed (left) with her brother, Mr. William Kelly Simpson. She was married to Mr. Robert Bennett, junior, at an afternoon service for which she wore an ivory peau de soie dress with a veil of Brussels lace.

THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND

Miss Frances Helen Sweeny, right, with her father, Mr. Charles Sweeny, as they entered the registry (Caxton Hall, London) for her marriage to the Duke of Rutland. Miss Sweeny, whose mother is the Duchess of Argyll, wore for the ceremony a short dress of blush-pink organdie. Designed by Hartnell, it has a charming flutter of ostrich feathers lining the hem.

POLLY BUSCH





UNITED PRESS

MRS. RAYMOND A. McBRIDE

Miss Isabelle Shepherd Davis (above) was married this spring to Dr. Raymond A. McBride of Houston, Texas. Wearing an enchanting high-waisted wedding dress that couldn't be newer in fashion but has been worn by family brides for generations, she was photographed in the house of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward King Davis of Tuxedo Park.

FRANK MUTO





AT THE GUEST-CONDON WEDDING

Miss Elizabeth Guest (left), daughter of Mrs. Polk Guest of Rock Hill, Front Royal, Virginia, and Mr. Raymond R. Guest of Powhatan, King George, Virginia, with her flower girls, Alice Rutherfurd (far right), and Andrea Portago. Miss Guest wore white satin, a veil caught by silk roses. Above left, the groom, Mr. Edward Beach Condon, with his brother, Richard.

"I WAS MADE TO BE ME"

BY VICTORIA LINCOLN

Author of "A Dangerous Innocence"

I had a revelation recently, and I'm feeling much better, thank you. So much better that I want to share it around.

It was this: I was made to be me.

As simple as that, and a funny time this is when you can't say it without feeling infantile, irresponsible, and otherwise below Stakhanovite standards. But never mind that. That, in fact, is precisely what's been ailing us.

To underline the point, let me start out with a word from my father when he was small. In those days his bedtime reading was from a book about a boy called little Robert. There was no virtue that little Robert did not possess in full measure, pressed down and running over, and for a time little Thayer was awed and emulous.

But a night came, a stormy night, when, as his parents were giving a dinner party, a small white-gowned figure appeared in their midst to make an abrupt and final pronouncement: "The blinds go slam-bang, the water goes guggle in the cis'ern, and *I'm tired of being little Robert!*"

He never tried to be little Robert again, and it made him delightful company. Yes, even on his deathbed, when he opened his eyes, smiled his familiar smile that was all humour, all tolerance and integrity, and remarked, "I am well aware that in the great economy one life more or less makes little difference, but I must say that it makes the hell of a difference to me." I think of him now, and marvel at that long constancy.

For we all want to be little Robert. The virtues, graces, and gifts that are most alien to us somehow always look the best. We go through life incapable of understanding the wisdom of old Rabbi Susya who said, "In the coming life they will not ask me, 'Why were you not Moses?' They will ask, 'Why were you not Susya?' "

It is a natural weakness. A touch of it is simply part of being human. But only an age of Puritanism raises it to a virtue. And what Puritans we are! We are dedicated to one or another political policy with an intensity which puts the once-respected word *compromise* among the dirtiest in our vocabulary. We are haunted by the rallying phrases of every psychiatric school. Are we mature? Are we integrated with the group? Or, granted that we're a mess, are we doing our best to save our children from similar failure?

Obsessively, we weigh ourselves in the balance and find ourselves wanting. But how should the scales swing otherwise? For our counterweight is little Robert, little Robert who somehow manages to be everything that is admirable in everyone from Albert Schweitzer to Elsa Maxwell.

Well, I'm through with it. Get those scales out of here. I am me. I could be a lot better at being me, and I mean to go on trying. It is not only the dignity but a large part of the fun of living that we stretch and develop. But as *ourselves*, as ourselves.

It's easy to understand how we got to be so driven. It's a frightening age, and it is proper that we should read our papers with a sense of individual responsibility. But for many, perhaps most of us, that responsibility is fulfilled when we speak our minds without fear, and become, so far as we may, intelligent voters. And that limit we refuse to admit.

We're scared, and it has affected us oddly. Few of us would confuse free-floating anxiety with a sensible concern

for our daily lives; but there is a sterile, free-floating earnestness in the air which we increasingly confuse with an active conscience. If this earnestness did the world any good, I'd be all for it; but it doesn't, you know. It only makes us humourless emotional cripples.

And I hereby offer you, in all seriousness, the reminder of one more responsibility. *People should have fun in their own way, as much as they can without keeping other people from having theirs, too.* You heard me. I said, have fun. If happiness is a good, it is also a good for you.

It is a psychiatric cliché to say that we can't love our neighbours without first loving ourselves. And we all, in theory at least, think it is good to love our neighbours. But we find it remarkably hard to swallow the notion that it might also be a good thing to lay off a little on judging our neighbours—and ourselves. In an era of Puritanism, "Judge not, that ye be not judged" is the first holy directive to go up the spout.

It's amazing how far our unbridled lust for self-judgment has got us down. Few of us, by now, can even go out, on impulse, for a walk, or lie down and read a silly book without a half-guilty plea that it is *good* for us. How many of us manage our days so that we ever have time to meet our own natural, happiest, and so, most capable selves?

Our own selves, that's what we balk at. Every Mary tries to be a Martha and every Martha a Mary, forgetful of Saint Theresa's shrewd observation that it takes both to offer Christ a perfect hospitality. What is natural to us we belittle; what is alien, we admire. Our theme song is, "Anything you can do, I should do better, I should do everything better than you."

I know a woman whose house, whose garden, are joys to the eye and soul; and what's more, by her own work alone she keeps them lovely with a casual ease that is next door to genius. Is she proud? Believe it or not, she tells me with a straight and rueful face that she has never done anything *creative.*

I know a woman with a genius for friendship; her gaiety, her quick understanding give courage and refreshment to all she meets, and she meets many. Her warm, effortless parties set her guests up like a month in the country. And she berates herself for doing nothing *constructive.*

If we read and go to concerts, we worry because we aren't sitting on committees; if we sit on committees, we worry because we're one-sided and neglect the arts. Sure, we're one-sided. What's wrong with that? Life is one-sided. The beauty of life is in its manifold, never repeated asymmetries. The fault is not in ourselves but in our crippling guilt; guilt either overt or dressed as self-righteousness.

The overt guilt is one that I understand from the inside out. Let me tell you a secret. For years I have been haunted by the memory of a weekend I once spent with Dorothy Thompson. Oh, that efficient housekeeping, that energy of political intelligence. How often the picture of those magnificent gifts has come back to reduce me to a humility just this side of tears.

And never once until this revelation came on me did I reflect that she, a minister's daughter, had doubtless learned as a child a score of arts that I acquired the hard way in my twenties, beginning with the art of hanging up my own clothes; and I ended up a good cook, too. It never even occurred to me that she can't write fiction.

Well, from here on in I'm going to stop being a failure as Dorothy Thompson and enjoy being Vicky Lincoln. Of course I'll go on trying to be tidier and to learn more about my political responsibilities. But I think that even those things will be easier, not harder, now.

For once we accept our own limits and respect our own gifts, we suddenly have time and strength left over; all the time and strength, in fact, that we've been wasting on self-flagellation; and that's more than you may think until you try chucking it. With that time and strength we find ourselves spontaneously branching, not to a new, miraculous symmetry, no—but enough to find ourselves doing rather well a little of those things which we used to force ourselves to do much of, and badly, or blame ourselves for not doing at all.

In other words, once we admit that we are, and ought to be, one-sided, we become a little less one-sided; the neurotic limitation gives place to a natural, pleasing asymmetry.

Yes, the overt guilt is easy to catch ourselves in; and it is not too hard to climb over, into the fun of being and enjoying ourselves.

The greater—and blessedly rarer—danger is overcompensating smugness: the conviction that *our* virtues are *the* virtues. Nobody who feels that is really happy; but their unhappiness isn't a circumstance to the hell they can make for the people who have to live around them.

There is, alas, a little lick of their vice in all of us; enough for us to be on guard against. But I am not talking to the real addicts; they're out of speaking range, anyway. I only want to say: if you've got one around, don't let her scare you. Give her the pity she needs and go your own way; that's all.

Everybody, by his own bias, sees the world instinctively either in terms of *it is* or *it ought to be.* You might say that everybody is primarily either an artist or a moralist. Both slants are good, both are necessary to the progress of civilization; and everybody who is not morally imbecile or pathologically blind to fact has a measure of both. And both must be respected.

If you were born to criticize, to strive, to think in terms of *ought to be,* accept it. It is you, it is where your worth and your joy alike must lie. Only remember that there are others, unlike you, who are also important to the world.

On the other hand, if your first impulse is only to look at the view and wonder at it, don't blame yourself; you, too, are of a noble company. Don't be ashamed into a crippling self-denial that only achieves moral awareness at the price of moral accomplishment.

That's all. Go your own ways now. Go with mutual admiration and no apologies, and have fun. And don't wait. Just start taking half-an-hour now and then to do precisely what you feel like, even if it's nothing more dramatic than going out in the yard and sitting in the sun.

And tell your conscience that you owe it to life itself; to lovely, one-of-a-kind, irreplaceable, lopsided life.

VIEW FROM A CLOSED WINDOW

A short story by

PATRICIA COLLINGE

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Small and slender, Patricia Collinge has, as actress and author, an arbitrary division of talents. Unforgettable as the tippling Birdie in Lillian Hellman's play,* The Little Foxes, *she is now doing TV and writing short stories, all of which are instantly bought. This is her fifth piece for Vogue (the first, "I Envy Miss Maxwell," was published in 1936).*

Dune View, referred to by its owner, Mrs. Farleigh, as a cottage, was in reality a substantial ten-room house built in the grey-shingled tradition of the Island on which it stood. Its old-fashioned exterior sheltered the most modern of bathrooms and kitchen and every other adjunct to comfortable living, all, however, artfully subservient to a calculated simplicity of decoration. Unpainted wicker chairs creaked in the wide, wood-walled living room, and the English chintz of the curtains and cushions was sufficiently worn to support Mrs. Farleigh's references to her dear shabby room. That the room was dear to her was true, but chiefly because of its long window that looked squarely out to the ocean and from which she could enjoy the sensation of being on the beach without any of the discomforts of sand or flies or wind.

The road on which Dune View stood was as yet unspoiled by any of the improvements that Mrs. Farleigh, in company with her neighbours, fought yearly at Town Meetings, and remained little more than a footpath running along the steep bank that fell to the expanse of dunes that in turn led to the sea. Only a few feet of trim grass separated this path from her house, and when no one was actually walking past, Mrs. Farleigh had a feeling of command over the blue and green and gold sweep beyond her window which was ordinarily very soothing to her.

Today, however, there was a cold look in her handsome eyes, and a furrow of distaste on her otherwise unlined forehead. She rose from her chair and stood looking down to where a fat year-old boy scrabbled in a sandbox with a toy spade. Beside him lay a young girl, flat on her stomach, her legs ungracefully spread, her arms folded under her chin. She had a round, sunburned face and untidy red hair pulled into a desultory pony-tail, and she was watching the baby's aimless pattings and scrapings as if they were the most fascinating game in the world.

"Look at her," said Mrs. Farleigh to her daughter, who sat near the fireplace, bent hooplike over a novel. "I ask you to look at her."

"Who, mother?" said the younger woman without looking up.

"Who mother," said Mrs. Farleigh, imitating her daughter's disinterest. "Really, Gloria, sometimes I think you're not quite bright. That girl in charge of your son. That nursemaid, if that's what you call her."

"Margaret? What's wrong with her?"

"What's *wrong* with her? If you'd get out of that chair for five minutes and take your nose out of those eternal books occasionally, you might have some idea of what is wrong with her. Of course I realize you are pregnant again and that you have to take things easily, and leave everything for your mother to do for you, I realize that—"

"I know, you've been wonderful, mother," said her daughter, her eyes still following the page of her book.

"Well, it's not that I'm not glad to help you—what else have I to live for now, with your father gone—but if I am to help you, the least you might do is look at what I have to cope with."

"All right, mother," said the younger woman wearily. She dragged her awkward heaviness out of the low chair and went to look down at the two on the grass. "What's the matter," she asked, "they look all right."

"*They!*" said Mrs. Farleigh. "Of course *he* looks all right, the blessed lamb—was he a beauty, was he a precious *boy*—" she murmured, waving down to the baby. "Poor little thing," she added, half under her breath.

"What *is* it, mother," her daughter asked, "I don't see anything wrong."

Mrs. Farleigh sniffed. "Have you looked at your nursemaid?" she asked in return.

"Well?" said her daughter, "what's wrong with *her?*"

"Bare *feet,*" said Mrs. Farleigh. "Bare feet in front of the house. And shorts. She's wearing shorts, now, if you please."

Her daughter stared at her. "Well, for heaven's sake, mother, what if she is? I don't say it isn't a mistake with her legs, but she's happy and comfortable, and she's wonderful with the baby, so what else matters?" She watched her son for a moment or two and then tapped on the window for his attention. "My darling," she mouthed to him, her thin face made beautiful by the words.

The girl in shorts said something inaudible through the glass. Mrs. Farleigh threw up the window with a decisive movement and her hair blew in the wind that she disliked.

"I said he was building a house, a little house," the girl called happily.

"Well, it's getting too hot for him out there now," said Mrs. Farleigh, "you can bring him in, and I want to speak to you, please."

"*Mother,*" said her daughter.

Mrs. Farleigh closed the window and pushed her hair into place again. "It is perfect nonsense," she said. "She has a perfectly good uniform that I bought her myself, and if you have no regard for appearances I *have*. She came here to work and she is behaving as if she were on a holiday; she acts like it, and she dresses like it."

"It is a sort of holiday for her, I think," said Mrs. Farleigh's daughter. "She's never been off the mainland before. I don't think she has ever been out of the Home before."

"The Home! I said it was a mistake then, and I say it again now. When you take a girl from a place like that you don't know what you are letting yourself in for. If you had listened to *me*—"

"Mother," said the younger woman, interrupting, "the Home is all right, it isn't a fallen women thing, you know, and anyway, there just aren't any nursemaids, the kind you're thinking of, any more."

"Nonsense. There are still plenty of good children's nurses to be had, good, responsible, well-trained *women*."

"Mother," said the younger woman patiently, "there are probably thousands of them, but George and I can't afford anyone like that." Mrs. Farleigh said nothing. "George does everything he can for me," her daughter said, interpreting the silence, "but with this other baby coming—"

"Well, you know what I think about *that*," said Mrs. Farleigh, "so we won't discuss it, but if you had left the nurse to me, I was, and still am, ready to make it my responsibility."

"Please, mother," said her daughter, "George wants to do these things himself. We both do. But don't worry, I'll speak to Margaret, and I'll see that she wears her uniform."

"And shoes," said Mrs. Farleigh.

"And shoes," said her daughter, turning to leave the room.

"And tell her to sit properly out there with the baby," Mrs. Farleigh said as she went, "and not sprawl all over the grass as if she lived here."

For the next two days Margaret wore her uniform and took a campstool to sit on when she watched the baby. Once Mrs. Farleigh saw that she had turned the stool on its side and was making some kind of game for the baby with it. "Here's the little door," Mrs. Farleigh heard her say, "and here's the little room with the tea all ready." Mrs. Farleigh shrugged. At least the girl was sitting upright on the grass and not sprawling, and she was wearing well-whitened canvas shoes, although her sturdy, reddened legs were unstockinged. Why was it girls like that always had mosquito bites, Mrs. Farleigh wondered irritably, and scratched them.

It was on the third day that she looked up from where she was sewing in the window, startled by an unaccustomed sound. Margaret was coming toward the front steps, on her way back from the post office. She had a post card and a straggly bunch of wildflowers in one hand, and the other swung a parcel carelessly by its string. Her uniform sleeves were rolled lumpily to her shoulders, and she was whistling. Mrs. Farleigh closed her eyes until the whistling stopped, and opened them to see Margaret just inside the room.

"Oh, it's you, Margaret," Mrs. Farleigh said, "I couldn't think who it could be, whistling and stamping up the steps like that."

"It was me," said Margaret, "I got the mail and there's a parcel came. I don't know what's in it, though. It's for your daughter."

Mrs. Farleigh winced. "Well, if it's for Mrs. Gordon," she said, "put it on the table for her. Not the small table, Margaret, the big table. The *big* one, Margaret." She sighed. "Was the mail late," she asked then, "you were gone quite a while, weren't you?"

"I walked back by the houses," said the girl, her round face alight.

"I don't quite see how you could do anything else, there are nothing *but* houses from here to the post office."

"I mean the little houses," said the girl, "the little ones in a row over in the back of the big ones."

Mrs. Farleigh took a stitch in her sewing. She must mean the Artists' Colony, she thought, not that there were any artists there. What few artists came to the Island maintained large houses, larger than Mrs. Farleigh's, where they lived decorously and formally. The so-called Colony was a cluster of the merest huts, rose-covered, inconvenient, and surprisingly expensive, but enthusiastically rented by single ladies with a passion for the picturesque. "Surely you have seen them before?" Mrs. Farleigh said to the girl, who answered eagerly.

"Oh, I have, but only driving by in the car with your daughter. I wanted to walk past them slow."

"Well, I'm sure that was very gratifying, but hardly very thoughtful. Perhaps it didn't occur to you that I might be anxious for my letters?"

"Oh, it did indeed," said the girl, "but there wasn't any letter only the post card and the parcel, and they weren't for you at all."

Mrs. Farleigh put down her sewing and looked at the girl. "That will do, Margaret," she said. "Another time be more considerate, please. And I think you will find your uniform more becoming if you wear the sleeves nicely buttoned down as they should be. At the moment you look as if you were about to embark on a day's washing." She smiled as if she had meant a pleasantry, and the girl smiled back, uncertainly. "Oh, and Margaret," Mrs. Farleigh continued, "don't bring those weeds you have picked anywhere near my grandson, will you? We have to think of allergies, don't we?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the girl, flushing. She left the room and went slowly up the stairs to the room where she slept with the baby. He was out with his mother, for once, and she had it to herself for a while. It wasn't often she was alone in the room, she thought, and when she was she liked to have something nice to think about to herself, not like this minute when she'd give a lot to sit down and cry after the way Mrs. Farleigh had talked to her. She hadn't meant to keep her waiting, something had told her to hurry back like always, but she had wanted to walk by the little houses.

They were so little and snug a person could live in one by herself and never be a bit alone. It was the little house that kept a person safe and contented when you came down to it. The big houses were too roomy altogether, you'd need a lot of people coming and going to make them friendly, and where would be the cosiness then? There were people coming and going in the Home, and the *(Continued on page 101)*

PARIS ROAD TO ROANNE

Motoring from Paris along lesser known routes

BY EDMONDE CHARLES-ROUX

This itinerary is addressed to a species which is fast disappearing: the traveller. Free, curious, a friend of the surprising and the unexpected, he is giving way on the great routes of Europe to the swarm of tourists. The traveller chooses, loiters, digests; the tourist throws himself on a scene, swallows it in one mouthful, and goes on. The traveller travels alone, or in pairs. Tourists prefer coagulation, gluing themselves to others and forming, as grasshoppers do, vast bands.

A traveller's ambition is to be taken for a Roman in Rome, a Parisian in Paris. He adopts the tastes, the food, the drinks of the country he visits. A tourist posts his point of origin and his identity on himself or his car. He moves under the protective folds of his native flag. In other people's countries he insists on eating what he is used to having in his own. Let no tourist of this kind adopt my itinerary. Only a real traveller would know how to appreciate it. Those who wish to follow me must agree that it is necessary to go slowly toward what one is burning to know. They will also agree that strict timetables, pre-established hours of arrival, and delayed departures are preoccupations better left to stationmasters. For me, a journey requires only two laws: that of knowing how to choose, and that of knowing how to wander.

THE ROUTE TO FOLLOW

From the moment of departure from Paris, one choice is inescapable: that of which route to follow. Why go to Italy by roads without surprises? Instead of following National Highway No. 6 through Dijon and Lyons, I gave up all thought of that billiard table staked out with gasoline pumps, in favour of a less direct and narrower, but infinitely more attractive, road—Paris, Montargis, and Roanne.

That is how I happened on the little village of Feurs (forty kilometres south of Roanne), just at the hour when that highly appreciated stop coincided with my appetite. It was there that, in restful coolness, without neon lights, background music, or television, I tasted the extraordinary cooking of M. Peronnet, cook and owner of the celebrated Hôtel du Chapeau Rouge. Small perfumed melons, chicken in casserole, artichoke-heart salad, and orange pie, accompanied by a Bâtard-Montrachet. That sounds ordinary, doesn't it? But the miracle of M. Peronnet works in simplicity. In no other place are melons so fresh, so flavoursome. No one knows how to prepare a chicken in casserole comparable to his. The Bâtard-Montrachet is pure nectar. As for his orange pie, it would take a whole chapter to extoll its merits.

One of the advantages of going to the Midi by the right bank of the Rhône is that you pass through Baix. This village holds an



'The Bâtard-Montrachet is pure nectar."

Right: *Here one finds "country bread and an orgy of exquisite honey for which the bees of the Alpines had looted whole fields of lavender."*



Hôtel La Cardinale in Baix



agreeable surprise for the traveller fond of calm and alluring landscapes; a lordly house, whose old stones face the river, has been transformed into the Hôtel La Cardinale. To sleep in quiet and awaken in greenery is a desire fully realized here. For three centuries its round towers and thick walls have stood guard above the Rhône, green, profound, magnificent, rolling its impetuous waves against the walls. On a sunny terrace, I had one of the best breakfasts of my life: coffee with creamy milk, country bread, and an orgy of exquisite honey for which the bees of the Alpines had looted whole fields of lavender.

The stretch between Baix and Milan, by way of Gap, Briançon, Montgenèvre, Sestrière, and Turin, can be done without too much trouble on a road that would bore initiated travellers. Indeed, you might ask, why go to Rome by way of Milan? Why not go by way of the coast? Perhaps because the Riviera, with its international character, its chatter, its casinos, its beautiful villas, does not, in my eyes constitute a happy preamble to the subtle charms of Italy. My strange itinerary, however, had a more imperious reason. I wanted to get to Rome by way of a city which is almost a capital: Milan, the positive, the industrial, the city of audacious realizations.

VAGABONDAGE IN MILAN

The Tiburtine Sibyl, Cathedral of Siena.



ANDERSON-GIRAUDON

I am not the type to gallop through museums. The correct names of masterpieces, the additions to cloisters and to bell towers are not my thing. For me, it is better to choose one single beautiful work out of the infinite richness of an Italian city, admire it, and go on.

My first stop in Milan was at the Ospedale Maggiore, founded in 1457, and its south wing, built according to the plans of Filarete. The terra-cotta friezes, the carved framework of its lacy windows, its subtle intertwinings of brick, seem more precious than if they were of marble.



Palazzo Ravizza, Siena; palace turned hotel.

Da Vinci's "Last Supper," under the vaults of the ancient Dominican refectory, was my last stop in Milan. There, I verified that Italians have always talked with their hands. Can anyone imagine gestures more expressive than those of the models chosen by Leonardo after long and difficult search? The model for Judas was found, after several false tries, among the vagabonds, and a young nobleman from Parma agreed to pose for Jesus. His hands speak; the left especially, weary, abandoned, resigned, says clearly, "One of you will betray me." These are the hands of a man who knows he will be sacrificed.

The desire for a *café frappé* alone should be enough to justify a stay at the Hotel Principe e Savoia. With vanilla, coffee, and a little ice, the barman of that hotel executes, with one flip of the hand, an incomparable *café frappé*, a work of magic, as sweet as a zabaglione, and as refreshing as orange juice. *(Continued on page 96)*

ROME

MILAN

SIENA

Detail: the speaking hands of Da Vinci's "Last Supper"



ANDERSON-GIRAUDON

"Pages, squires, and gentlemen . . . of Siena."
This young gentleman, probably Raphael, in Pinturicchio's frescoes of the life of Pope Pius II.



METROPOLITAN MUSEUM LIBRARY

View of Siena, 1958



Il Campo, Siena



Palazzo Cervini, Montepulciano



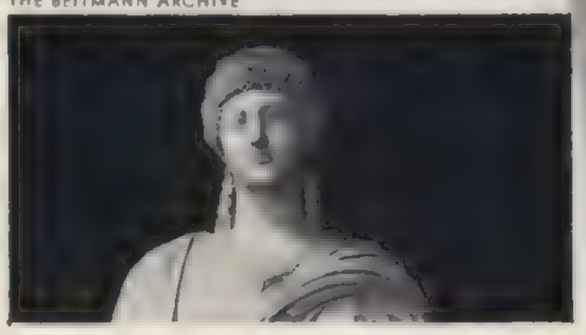
View of Siena, 1503, detail, Pinturicchio frescoes.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM LIBRARY



Palazzo Tarugi, Montepulciano

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE



Poppaea "Her talent . . . entertaining."



July's new
bathing suit



SCHATZBERG

For the woman who'd like something cool to slip into: two pages of ocean, here, accompanied by bathing suits of almost equal refreshment-value. Each is a fresh July find, a freshly-made design, fresh in the shops. What these are, by plan, are suits from next season's collections—ready now.

Facing page: Above, black maillot—blousing; a surprise move in faille. By Catalina, in faille of Celanese acetate woven with Lastex; about $16. Best's; Hudson's. Martex beach towel.

Below, maillot—slip-covered. The news is, the easy-lined cover is a separate beach-unit—cotton piqué, anchored down with a strip of elastic. The suit: a similarly printed maillot of Lastex with cotton satin, V-topped. By Rose Marie Reid, in reddish brown and gold. Top, $13; suit, $20. Lord & Taylor.

This page: Below left, the non-cling knitted suit—not a stringent stitch anywhere. By Cole of California, in blue-and-green cotton jacquard Heller jersey. $23. At Altman's; Neiman-Marcus.

Below right, Récamier—the first to go swimming. Knitted turquoise suit, with a roped-off Empire waist, a touch of trapezerie thereafter. By Jantzen, in Celanese acetate and nylon, knitted with Lastex; about $23. At Altman's; Marshall Field. Turquoise rubber bathing cap, by Jantzen. Altman's.





Vogue's ounce-a-day plan

48 colognes and toilet waters, and what to expect from them



FLOWERS

A single blossom, intensified:
Carnation by Mary Chess
Red Lilac by Lenthéric
White Lilac by Dorothy Gray
Muguet des Bois by Coty
Red Roses by Yardley
Violet by Tuvaché



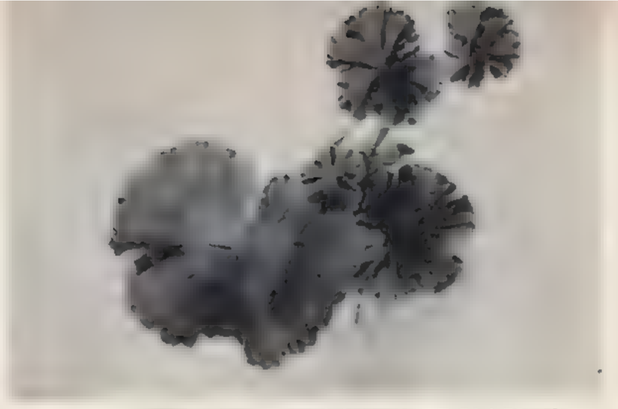
FRUIT

Citrus or peach notes, warmed:
Mouche by Marcel Rochas
Golden Chance by Harriet Hubbard Ayer
Fille d'Eve by Nina Ricci
Lemon Verbena by Shelley Marks
Gin Fizz by Lubin



MODERNS

Wistful? Not these blends:
Lasso by Jean Patou
Intimate by Revlon
Carnegie Blue by Hattie Carnegie
Crêpe de Chine by Millot
Nostalgia by Monteil
Platine by Dana
Hope by Frances Denney
On the Wind by Bourjois
Shining Hour by Jacqueline Cochran



WOODS, MOSSES, LEAVES

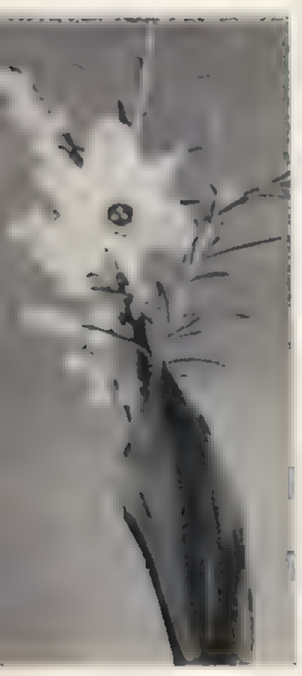
How to play Ariel all summer:
Antilope by Weil
Bois des Iles by Chanel
Desert Flower by Shulton
Heaven Sent by Helena Rubinstein
Sandalwood by Roger & Gallet
Woodhue by Fabergé
Number Nine by Bergdorf Goodman

If colognes and toilet waters came in drums instead of bottles, we'd still say, buy them. These lightened fragrances are meant to be bathed in, sprayed on, used up at an ounce-a-day rate at least (calibrating cologne bottles with a grease pencil or tape saves wondering "Did I?"). You may hold faithfully to a delicate rephrasing of your perfume, or you might decide to parlay several scents into a personal aura. The trick in mixing is to keep to scents generated from the same basics. Here, the seven major scent sources, and the fragrances under their banners.



SPICES

Arpeggios of spices, pressed petals:
Prétexte by Lanvin
Directoire by Charles of the Ritz
Intoxication by D'Orsay
Wood Spice by Dorothy Perkins
Trésor by Lancôme



BOUQUETS

The whole garden:
Narcisse Noir by Caron
Blue Grass by Elizabeth Arden
Casaque by Jean d'Albret
Electrique by Max Factor
Fame by Corday
Most Precious by Evyan
Quelques Fleurs by Houbigant
Réplique by Raphael
White Satin by Angélique
Ode by Guerlain
Seven Winds by DuBarry
Diorissimo by Dior
Love Lace by Breck
Robe d'un Soir by Carven



ORIENTALISMS

Decided, no rough edges—the elements capped (in Ethiopia) in a zebu's horn:
Surrender by Ciro
Encore by Beauty Counselors
Tailspin by Lucien Lelong
Beloved by Prince Matchabelli

Colour-a-week hair plan

Right: The new line for hair with a certain amount of curl—close at the sides, up off the neck, *up*. Heightening everything, too: a temporary hair colour called Come Alive Red, by Clairol. A shampoo is about the time it takes between one Come Alive colour and the next. Hair, styled by Coiffures Americana. Earrings for swanlike necks, by Marvella. Bergdorf Goodman.

GUY BOURDIN



One meal from Vogue's

REDUCED here to 485 calories:



Surprise Diet

a 1,000 calorie dinner. For the delicious details, turn the page



De-calorizing–the delicious way

Calorie cost per portion—
usual recipe vs. ours



	Calories, our way	Calories, usual way
Mushroom broth, whipped topping	**50**	132
Boiled lobster, sauce verte *(½ lobster, 1 tablespoon sauce)*	**123**	200
Spinach soufflé	**56**	130
Popover *(small)*	**39**	50
1 butter curl *(one teaspoon)*	**35**	35
Asparagus, sauce vinaigrette *(8 stalks, 1 tablespoon sauce)*	**50**	140
Apricot mousse	**38**	170
Custard sauce *(one tablespoon)*	**13**	30
Angel food cake *(one slice)*	**81**	113
Black coffee	**0**	0
TOTAL: one portion of everything	**485**	1000

Optional: One Spritzer (82 calories) measured against the 3 cocktails it outlasts (420 calories)

Recipes for the 485-calorie meal

MUSHROOM BROTH
(Serves six)

1 lb. mushrooms
2 small onions, chopped
2 stalks celery, chopped
3 sprigs parsley
2 packets powdered beef bouillon
½ cup dry white wine
Salt and pepper to taste
2½ cups water
De-calorized whipped topping

Scrub mushrooms; peel and reserve caps. Chop stems and place in saucepan with peelings and other ingredients. Bring to a boil; simmer for 15 minutes. Strain, pressing on vegetables to extract all juices. Replace on fire; add mushroom caps, chopped or thin-sliced. Simmer 5 to 8 minutes, until just cooked. Serve in heated soup cups. Top with de-calorized whip; lightly dust with paprika.

SAUCE VERTE
for cold boiled lobster

1 cup de-calorized mayonnaise
1 cup water cress
1 teaspoon dry tarragon
1 teaspoon chopped chives
1 small onion, grated
Salt: 1 teaspoon or more
Pepper to taste
1 tablespoon chopped parsley

Place mayonnaise, water cress, and onion in blender; turn on for 15 seconds. Add remaining ingredients; season to taste. (Non-blender method: blanch water cress in boiling water for 2 minutes, drain and chop very fine, or strain to a purée; add to mayonnaise; add remaining ingredients.)

SPINACH SOUFFLÉ
(Serves six)

2 cups cooked, chopped spinach
1 cup de-calorized cream sauce
2 eggs, separated
Salt and pepper

Add well-beaten egg yolks to cream sauce. Add spinach. Into this, fold stiffly-whipped egg whites. Pour into greased 8-inch soufflé dish. Bake at 350° for 40 minutes.

Cream sauce:
2 tablespoons flour
½ cup spinach juice
½ cup skim milk
1 bouillon cube
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon onion powder
½ teaspoon celery salt

Blend all together in electric blender till smooth. Heat, stirring, till thickened and velvety.

POPOVERS
(16 smallish ones)

2 eggs
1 cup sifted flour
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup skim milk

Preheat oven to 425°. Grease 2 heavy iron gem pans with butter; heat in oven till sizzling hot. Sift flour and salt. Beat eggs till slightly foamy. Add flour and half the milk; beat till smooth. Add remaining milk; beat only enough to combine smoothly. Fill pans one-third full. Bake at 425° for 15 minutes. Lower heat to 375°, and bake for another 20 minutes.

SAUCE VINAIGRETTE
for cold boiled asparagus

½ cup tomato juice
½ cup mixed-vegetable juice
⅓ cup tarragon red wine vinegar
2 shallots, chopped fine
(or 1 small onion)
1 hard-boiled egg, chopped
1 teaspoon each:
chopped chervil, parsley, basil, tarragon, chives, capers (more herbs, if desired)
Salt and pepper to taste

Use fresh or dried herbs, according to availability. Combine all except egg. Shake well together. Add chopped egg just before serving.

APRICOT MOUSSE
(Serves six)

12-oz. can dietetic apricot juice
2 envelopes plain gelatin
½ cup cold water
½ teaspoon almond extract
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon liquid sweetening
3 egg whites, stiffly beaten
3 drops yellow food colouring
1 drop red food colouring

Dilute gelatin in the water. Heat apricot juice, add gelatin; stir till dissolved. Sweeten to taste. Cool slightly, add lemon and food colourings. Cool completely. Fold in the stiff egg whites, till well blended and of uniform colour. Pour into a one-quart mould, lightly greased with vegetable fat. Refrigerate several hours, till firm. Unmould by dipping in tepid water; place serving platter over mould and invert.

CUSTARD SAUCE FOR MOUSSE
(Serves six)

2 egg yolks
1 cup skim milk
1 teaspoon almond extract
½ teaspoon liquid sweetener (or more)

Beat egg yolks till light and thick; heat milk; pour into eggs a little hot milk, stirring briskly; pour eggs into milk. Stir till thickened and smooth. Do *not* let boil. Sweeten; flavour. Chill and serve.

ANGEL FOOD CAKE
(16 slices)

10 egg whites
1 cup sifted pastry flour
¾ cup granulated sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cream-of-tartar
½ teaspoon vanilla extract
1½ tablespoons liquid sweetener

Preheat oven to 350°. Sift flour once, measure, sift three more times with ¼ cup sugar. Sift remaining sugar; reserve. Whip egg whites till frothy; add cream of tartar, salt, liquid sweetener, almond and vanilla extracts. Beat eggs till they stand in shiny peaks, adding reserved sugar, two tablespoons at a time. Fold in flour-and-sugar mixture, a little at a time; gently, with a rubber spatula. Pour batter into ungreased 9-inch tube pan. Bake for 45 to 50 minutes. Invert pan and allow cake to cool one hour before removing.

SPRITZER

4 oz. dry white German wine
(½ cup)
Ice and seltzer to fill tall glass
Green spike: cucumber peel

Vogue's Surprise Diet

The complete plan

This is the surprise ingredient: pleasure. And this is where it comes in: as the heart of a plan for getting thin on good food. What's different about this diet is that while it calls for a pleasantly routine breakfast and a ditto lunch, dinner is—by plan—what could only be called a glorious splurge. One dinner from the diet includes, among other cheery things, a soufflé, lobster with sauce, popovers, a handsome mousse (see these, at left). Another dinner includes onion soup, sole with white wine and mushrooms, green salad, sliced fresh watermelon with cognac. Good food—by any standard. How, then, does it become a weight-lifter worthy of the name diet? Two ways: by making use of a new system for decreasing the calorie-count of fattening foods; and by reappraising and rebalancing dishes *thought* to be fattening.

We've outlined here five days' worth of actual diet; it could be continued for a week, a month, or for life. But taken as a five-day diet by an *active* woman, it could contribute a three-to-five-pound weight-loss. Taken as prescribed by a less active woman, the loss would be less dramatic but still satisfactory. (We assume that every experienced dieter knows that diet results are an individual matter: the more energy spent, the more effective a diet, and vice versa. Simplest way to tell whether your activity is less than it should be for your own calorie-intake: you gain weight.)

Now for the bookkeeping end of Vogue's Surprise Diet: plan to give yourself a calorie-spending allowance of 1,200 calories a day, an amount to be spent as follows. For breakfast, 300 calories (a more generous allowance, probably, than the average woman bothers to use at breakfast). For lunch, 300 calories (here, you might wish to add another 100 calories; you can do so, if your dinner expenditure falls short of the stated calorie-allowance for dinner). For dinner, the allowance is 600 calories.

Breakfast can vary. It must add up to no more than 300 calories. It could be: one-half cup of orange juice (55 calories). One poached or soft-boiled egg (75 calories). One thin slice of crisp toast (40 calories), spread with one pat of butter (77 calories). Coffee (0 calories), with a little milk if you like (30 calories). The total of such a breakfast is 277 calories. If you started instead with a half grapefruit (50 calories) you'd reduce the calorie count to 272; or if you started with a fresh peach (50 calories), the total count would be 272. If you have two cups of coffee with milk, 297.

Lunch can vary; again, its top calorie-count is 300. It could consist of: two small lean meat patties, broiled (183 calories). A green salad with a one-inch square of Roquefort cheese crumbled in vinegar or lemon (110). A low-calorie cracker. Black coffee.

Dinner, as stated, makes up for any deprivation—without adding weight. The first of the dinner menus on the five-day plan might be taken straight from the page at left. The next four days could go this way: *(Continued on page 97)*



"At my wedding I'd like..."



SCHATZBERG

"Dear Vogue: I want my dress to be traditional..."

"At my wedding, I'd like my dress to be traditional—sleeves, and a train, and lots of skirt...But I'd like it to look fresh and of-this-year, too—not like a period piece." This letter, one of many we've received on this subject, is almost a blueprint for either dress here; another, next page. *Far left:* Beautiful dress to be married in this year—creamy-white peau de soie, high-waisted, with a great bell of skirt. The neckline, outlined in seed pearls, is rounded in front, high at the back; two bows at the shoulders hold the train—a clear sweep of Alençon lace (one-and-a-half yards of it). Short, filmy veil, falling from an orange-blossom crown. Dress and veil, by Priscilla of Boston; at Lord & Taylor; Woodward & Lothrop; Hudson's; Joseph Magnin. *This page:* Wedding dress with a tracery of flowers in white Chantilly lace, over pale-blue satin of Celanese acetate (Skinner fabric). The skirt lifts just above the ankle in front, cascades to the back in a lovely, foaming fall of lace. White flower wig to fasten the waist-length veil. Dress, by Murray Hamburger, and veil (to order) at Bonwit Teller. Dress, also Hutzler's; Sakowitz; Famous-Barr.

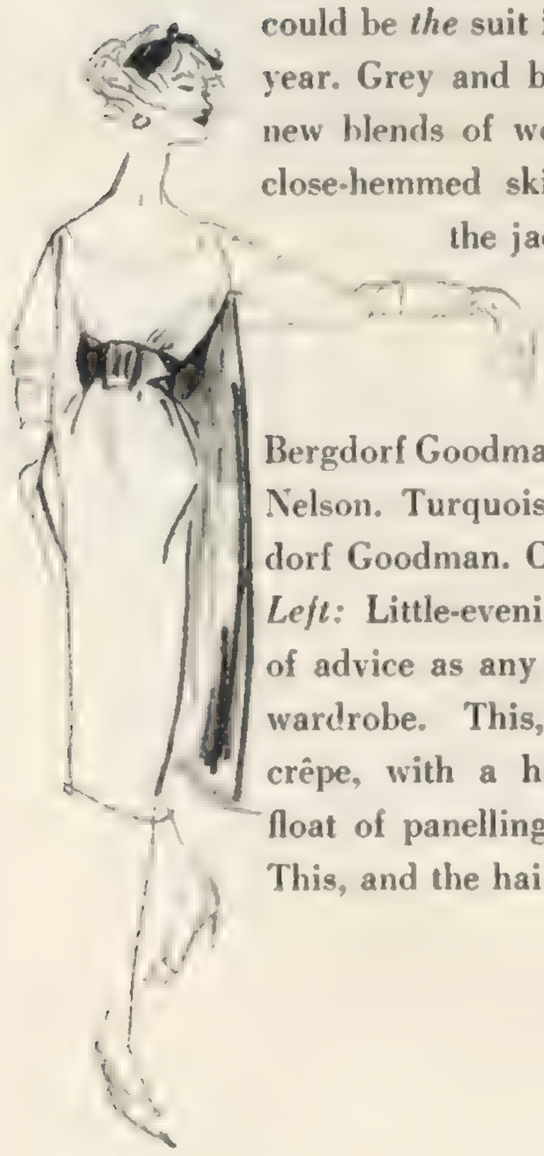
"I'd like to wear brocade..."

"What I'd really like would be a *brocade* wedding dress. . . . Do you think I could find one?" wrote one bride. Indeed she can, this year—and here it is (right): fresh, new, disarmingly pretty, yet charmingly traditional—note the sleeves, the high, rounded neckline. Ivory silk taffeta brocade, delicately patterned with lilies of the valley; the bodice fitted, the skirt full, with spaced bows. At the back, a trapeze-like sweep of brocade falls from the shoulders, making the train. Elbow-length veil of tulle, held by a seed-pearl crown. Dress and veil by Priscilla of Boston; at Bergdorf Goodman; Frost Bros.; Frederick & Nelson. Lily-of-the-valley bouquet (for a prayer book) by Judith Garden. Accounting for some, at least, of the bride's radiance: the fact that she spent an entire day shortly before the wedding at the Helena Rubinstein Salon—enjoying a splendidly pampering, beautifying, un-tensing head-to-foot beauty ritual called the Day of Beauty.



"Dear Vogue, Will you help me choose the key pieces in my new clothes-life..."

"...Suddenly it seems that half the things in my closet just aren't right for *now*. What I need, mainly, are clothes that have 'presence.' Naturally, I won't be starting completely from scratch, but I would like to buy a few really *good* pieces that would be a basis for my wardrobe for the next two or three seasons." On these three pages, seven key pieces—a nucleus for a bride's new wardrobe that could postpone further serious buying. Most important, these clothes gear to almost any fashion-situation that's likely to arise in the coming season.



Right: Going-away suit, day-to-day suit—it could be *the* suit in a bride's clothes-life this year. Grey and black checks, in one of the new blends of wool. mohair, and silk. The close-hemmed skirt, hung on a camisole; the jacket, loose, crushed in with a wide soft belt. By Monte-Sano & Pruzan, in Rodier fabric: about $275. At Bergdorf Goodman; Frost Bros.; Frederick & Nelson. Turquoise beret, to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Opera pumps, by Valentine. *Left:* Little-evening black—as strong a bit of advice as any woman could put into her wardrobe. This, black rayon-and-acetate crêpe, with a high belt-threaded waist, a float of panelling. By Gaston Mallet; $125. This, and the hair bow: Bergdorf Goodman.

SCHATZBERG







"...my new clothes-life"





Facing page: Left, in the news of high-key coats, a coat-length knitted wool cardigan—bright red, with an easy, widening swing from the shoulders. By Goldworm. About $90. At Bergdorf Goodman. Centre. a wide and wonderful coat, good over late-day, little-dinner day-length dresses and *any* amount of skirt. Of black worsted faille, by Dan Millstein; about $125. Ready mid-July, at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Harzfeld's. Hat stand-in—veiling and velvet. Bergdorf Goodman.

Right, daytime coat with the kind of fashion-energy that doesn't fizzle at the prospect of several seasons' activity. Black wool and mohair; the pockets and buttons at a new height. By Adolph Zelinka, in a texture-y Hockanum fabric; $80. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. Beret: at Bergdorf Goodman. Shoes, by Delman.

This page: Left, simple as they come—and elegant for seasons to come—a dinner dress in black silk crêpe de Chine, gathered in softly at a highish waist. By Maurice Rentner; $200. Bergdorf Goodman.

Right, to count among the great luxuries *and* the super-dependables, a jacketed non-sleeved dress in a strong, clear pink silk brocade. For theatre-evenings, dinners from now through the winter. By Ben Zuckerman. At Bergdorf Goodman; Sakowitz. Strapped silk crêpe opera pumps by Evins: at I. Miller.

SCHATZBERG

"Dear Vogue,

I want
my bridesmaids
to wear their dresses
over and over..."





"I'm going to be married this autumn, and I have six of the prettiest bridesmaids anywhere. Naturally I want them to look their *very* prettiest at my wedding, but I don't like to ask them to buy dresses that look *so* bridesmaid-y that the orchestra at the country club will break into a wedding march whenever they see them. Could you help me find dresses that look special enough for the wedding and are also wearable for parties afterwards?" Here, six that work both ways—for the wedding and for parties all season.

Facing page: Left, moire—sashed, bell-skirted, beguilingly young. By Kay Selig, in Celaperm acetate; $35. Bonwit Teller. Appleblossom bouquet: Ann Hagan. Centre, moire shirtwaist dress with a high-wide belt. (With this blue, a rose and geranium bouquet?) Of Celanese acetate and cotton; about $40. Lord & Taylor; Joseph Magnin. Bouquet, from Judith Garden. Hat-substitute, a silk organdie flower wig: Ursula Hammil. Right, velveteen dress with a lightly flared overskirt. Of twill-back velveteen; about $50. From Jay Thorpe.

This page: Left, in peau de soie, a dress with back interest—good for a long church aisle. About $70. At Lord & Taylor. Wig of leaves: Ursula Hammil. Centre, pale-blue satin slightly trained. Of acetate satin; about $45. Bergdorf Goodman; Famous-Barr. Hat-equivalent here: a flower-pierced velvet headband. By Therese Ahrens. Bouquet of foxglove: Flowers Unlimited. Right, new and charming for a bridesmaid—red satin with swallowtail-panels, an Empire waistline. By Ceil Chapman, in silk satin (Wm. Rose fabric): $160. Bergdorf Goodman.



1



2

"I'm the mother of the bride. . . . I'd like something that won't look too 'bridal-party' to wear afterwards. In other words, my dress should be festive and important but *not* type-cast." Vogue's advice: colour that's new *and* correct—soft peridot green, bright darkling blue, milky beige, clear unmuddied taupe, to name four. A silhouette that's good in itself and good for the figure. A hat that's the most becoming *small* hat findable. On these pages, five examples. 1. In a colour that's a forerunner of colour-news, a lace-veiled slip of a dress in peridot green. By Young Viewpoint, in rayon-and-acetate lace over rayon crêpe; half sizes. About $60. Lord & Taylor; Hudson's. Sally Victor hat.



2. For a small wedding, a dress with the news of a heightened waist. (Future plans for it might include luncheon in town, restaurant dinners.) Samuel Winston dress, in taupe-y acetate and rayon crêpe (Wm. Rose fabric); about $125. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Lilly Daché hat.

2 3



"Dear Vogue,
How chic
can the mother
of the bride be?"

SCHATZBERG





4

3. Velvet at a new peak of becomingness—peridot green, trapezed. By Ardanti, in velvet of Avisco rayon; about $70. At Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin. Hat news in the same soft green, a velours toque rounded at the top: Emme.
4. Chantilly lace dress with the whipped-cream complexion of café viennois, and this surprise—it's cut as unsentimentally as day-to-day jersey; about $185. Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's. Narrow-brimmed beige straw hat: Miss Frederics. Also at Bonwit Teller. Opera pumps, by Andrew Geller.

5

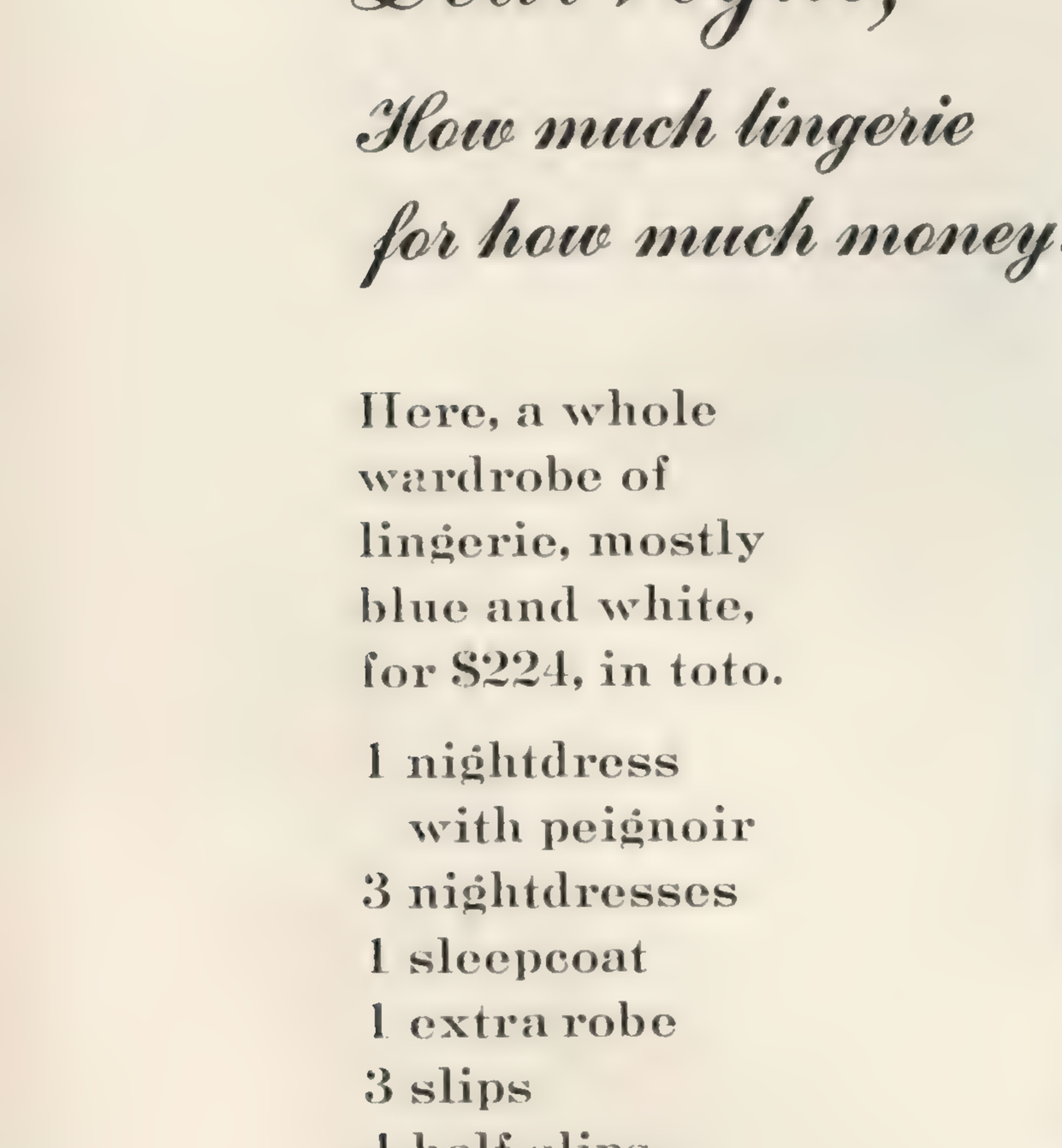
5. Two views, here, of a charming new suit-idea for small weddings city or country—theatre-evenings afterwards. Furred suit in a clear darkling blue. Under the jacket, a high-waisted dress with a silk chiffon bodice and sleeves. Costume of Anglo wool. Collar, of "Autumn Haze," Emba natural brown mutation mink. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's. Tatiana crushed velvet wig. Saks Fifth Avenue. Gloves, these pages, by Superb.

"Dear Vogue,

How much lingerie
for how much money?"

Here, a whole
wardrobe of
lingerie, mostly
blue and white,
for $224, in toto.

1 nightdress
  with peignoir
3 nightdresses
1 sleepcoat
1 extra robe
3 slips
4 half slips
5 pairs of
  panties
1 bed jacket
1 pair of slippers



1



2

3

"I have no idea what I ought to set aside as a fair amount to spend for lingerie . . ." Here, one suggestion from Elizabeth Arden. (Coiffures by Bruno of the Arden salon.) 1. Demi-long nightdress with its own peignoir; both, blue nylon tricot, appliquéd with white roses. By Rogers, $38. 2. Slip of blue nylon georgette, with white nylon lace on its bodice and full skirt. By Iris, of Du Pont nylon; $15. 3. Blue nylon tricot nightdress with white nylon lace at its bodice, blue nylon velvet straps. By Trillium; $15. 4. Robe of blue-printed nylon chiffon over nylon taffeta (also, Elizabeth Arden pink). By Perfect; Chemstrand nylon; $25. 5. Side-slit slip of nylon tricot, nylon lace; in black, as shown; or in white. By Luxite-Kayser; Du Pont nylon; $6. 6. Sleepcoat, worn over or instead of a nightdress, in white nylon tricot, nylon lace, blue embroidery. By Dwalyne; $17. 7. Shift petticoat of nylon tricot with border of hand-run nylon lace edging its hem. This, in black. By Trillium; $11. 8. New slip line—shorter, straighter, nylon lace-edged. By Barbizon, of white nylon-Dacron-Cordura rayon; $6. 9. Bed jacket of white quilted nylon with blue print, shell-shaped at back. By Stella Fagin, of Du Pont nylon; $13. 10. Scalloped petticoat of blue nylon tricot with white roses; $6. Unseen: panties to match; $2. By Rogers. 11. Nightdress with an Empire shape, of blue nylon tricot, blue nylon lace. By Luxite-Kayser, of Du Pont nylon; $9. 12. Briefest nightdress: white nylon tricot with blue ribbons, bloomers underneath. By Eye-Ful, of Du Pont nylon; $15. 13. Flounced petticoat of white nylon tricot, nylon lace, blue ribbons. By Eye-Ful, of Du Pont nylon; $18. Blue nylon scuffs with removable flower, by Dot and Peg; $7. 14. Petticoat and panties in blue satin of Dacron-nylon-cotton, nylon lace. By Laros; petticoat, $11; panties, $4.



4



5



6



7



8

9



10



11



12

13



14







Little white furs

that go to the wedding, and live happily ever after

White furs that could begin their lives
as brides' wraps—worn to the church, to the reception,
then continued as beauty treatments over
a decade's worth of evening dresses.
Far left: The littlest white mink—just Empire length,
but as flattering as yards of fur.
An Emeric Partos design, of bleached ranch mink;
made to order at Bergdorf Goodman.
Left: Falling in deep, full-skinned drifts
from a fichu collar, a cape of "Jasmine,"
Emba natural white mutation mink. By Hermé; at Lord & Taylor.
Above: White Canadian ermine cape, almost waist-deep in collar,
and multi-skirtable—anything from a ball dress to a
narrow shift looks wonderful with it. This, at Gunther Jaeckel.
Black velvet headband by Sally Victor.
Both pages: diamond and pearl jewellery: Van Cleef & Arpels.

SCHATZBERG

GOSSIPY MEMO ON HONEYMOON ISLANDS

The Canary Islands are golden-hilled, crater-pocked, and banana-blooming. At the Swiss-run Santa Catalina Hotel in Las Palmas, two people, for $18 a day, may have everything: meals, a pretty room with a carved wooden balcony, tennis courts, and a glass-blue pool filled with warmed mineral water. In the plaza of Canary Village, the shops have superb lacy linens, and at a café one may order squid-in-its-ink with white Canary wine. Nearby are pale long beaches. On the moonscaped island of Lanzarote, farmers plough the black volcanic earth with camels, who wear, like the tillers, large straw hats. Boats are rentable for skin-divers. On the island of Tenerife, one may swim from black-sanded beaches, or, in winter, ski on the white slopes of Pico de Teyde, a stilled volcano which the natives claim "has the devil inside." Sixteen hours from New York, the Canaries, off southern Morocco, are reached by TWA and Iberia Airlines to Madrid, from which Iberia planes fly to Las Palmas. Round trip, tourist class, $712.80.

Gentled by the Japanese current, Canada's Vancouver Island, off the city of Vancouver, is intensely green, intensely flowered, and its main city, Victoria, is the capital of British Columbia. There, the Empress, an ivy-wrapped, steep-roofed hotel, looks like a great gardened château on the harbour's edge. Pleasurably combining resort and city life, the hotel, which has handsome public rooms and a palmy hothouse swimming pool, arranges for guests to golf and fish. Double rooms, without meals, about $15 a day. Steamships cross to Vancouver, where, from July 19 to August 16, at the First International Festival more than four hundred artists will appear; among them, Bruno Walter, Glenn Gould, George London in Don Giovanni, *and Marcel Marceau. From the U.S., boats sail to Victoria from Port Angeles and Seattle, Washington; from New York, Trans Canada Airlines, $348.70 round trip.*

On the toy island of Giudecca, just a glide away from Venice's Piazza San Marco, the new pink Hotel Cipriani reflects in the blue Lagoon and promises that most un-Venetian of luxuries, quiet. In fact, the hundred rooms are soundproof, air-cooled, and a few suites, like baby *palazzi*, have their own sea-lapped entrances. Free motor launches go back and forth to the Doges' Palace, and a bright-sailed fishing boat takes guests to swim in the fresh sea currents swirling into the Lagoon. Guided by Giuseppe Cipriani, who for years has steered Harry's Bar, the hotel's food and service are superb. For two with meals, $24 a day; without meals, $12.80. Air France, Alitalia, and Swissair fly to nearby Milan from New York, $910.80 round trip.

Sun, sea, and serenity are perennially merged at the Hotel Hana-Maui, a twenty-acre demesne of hibiscus, palms, and pandanus, on the Hawaiian Island of Maui. Fanned about the main building are cottages which look as though Crichton had admirably arranged them. Each has a screened, louvered lanai. *Other charms: pitch-and-putt golf, riding, pool swimming and, naturally, that irresistible South Seas cliché, a surf-swept beach. From San Francisco and Los Angeles to Honolulu, on Pan American and United Airlines, $338 round trip. By ship, Matson Lines and American President Lines, first class, from $260 round trip.*

Manhattan Island, is, in summer, curiously pruned down as to crowds and the nights are filled with music—at Lewisohn Stadium, the Coliseum, Washington Square, and Central Park, which also has weekly productions of Shakespeare's *Othello* and *Twelfth Night*, and occasional operas, *Apollo and Persephone* by Gerald Cockshott, and *Sixty-Six* by Jacques Offenbach. One may lunch at the Metropolitan Museum, which has a new summer exhibition, "Amazons in Greek Art." For dining, there is the new Trader Vic's, in the Savoy-Plaza. Three hotels (specify air-cooling) near Central Park are: St. Moritz on-the-Park, which arranges two- to five-day visits (from $15 to $47 a person) including junkets to the theatre, Hayden Planetarium, the Statue of Liberty, and a yacht cruise around the island; Hotel Pierre, which is at 61st Street and Fifth Avenue, has park-view double rooms from $25 a day and, with a fortnight's notice, will find good seats for hit shows; The Westbury Hotel, at 69th Street and Madison Avenue, with charming double rooms from $19 a day.

For a pink geranium wedding

Opposite: Souvenirs—along with some more tangible mementoes—of a wedding reception keyed to summer. The master key (and the bride's favourite flower ever since): pink geraniums, massed in baskets on the tables, blossoming on make-believe espaliers, and even wreathing the wedding cake. The tables themselves wear pink-and-white striped cloths, might be set up out-of-doors under a pink-and-white marquee (more of this last on pages 87 to 89). Props the bride might plan to carry off to her new house: the Spode china, sprigged with tea roses, and the sterling silver (Gorham's "Old French" pattern). Tulip-shaped champagne glasses from Baccarat and the French linen tea napkins from Porthault. China and silver are at Black, Starr & Gorham.
Background: a swatch of white moiré silk from Scalamandré Silks. The decorations were designed by Harry Bell.

DRAWING BY JOSÉ REINARES

VOGUE'S FASHIONS in LIVING





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How to manage a wedding

A check-list of procedures— and some new ways of coping with details

A great many brides, these days, have their hearts set on a reception at home. What happens when, as often *does* happen, the guest list is bigger than the house? One good solution: have a moving van draw up to the house on the morning of the wedding, and have it whisk all the furniture around the corner where it stays parked in the van till all the guests have left. Another answer is to arrange for a temporary "extension" of the house itself, via marquee. Especially adaptable to garden weddings, when they provide not only extra space but weather insurance as well, marquees have come in for a boom lately; they can range from a simple canopy to elaborately decorated enclosed and heated models. (Rentals, too, range from under $100 to well over $1,000, depending.) Some of the newest versions come in enchanting pastel colours and stripes, may have transparent plastic sides (older guests at one recent wedding being thereby enabled to see off the bride and groom, who departed by yacht, without going down to the dock).

One way to make sure the guests all find their way from church to reception: have slips giving directions attached to cars in the church parking lot. Or, more traditionally, have them printed (but not engraved) on paper to match the invitations and enclosed with them in the mail. Increasingly, the custom is to ask more guests to the reception than to the ceremony, especially when the local church is a small one. In this case, the invitation is for the reception, with a card enclosed for those invited to the ceremony. If everybody's invited to both, the invitation to the ceremony may read as usual with the addition of "and afterwards at . . ." giving the place of the reception. Incidentally, at least one establishment—Cartier, of New York—will undertake not only to engrave the invitations for you, but for an extra charge also to have them addressed, by an adept at the standard (because easily legible) manuscript hand.

Wedding receptions, like other sociable occasions, currently tend to dispense more and more with the formalities. From the Southwest comes a report that the reception line, that hallowed institution, is often skipped altogether in that part of the country, especially when there are a great many guests. And in New York, only one in the last hundred wedding receptions held at the Colony Club included a separate bride's table for the wedding party—bride and bridesmaids, it seems, would rather mingle than stay put. The wedding cake is brought in on a small table of its own when it's time to cut it, and not before.

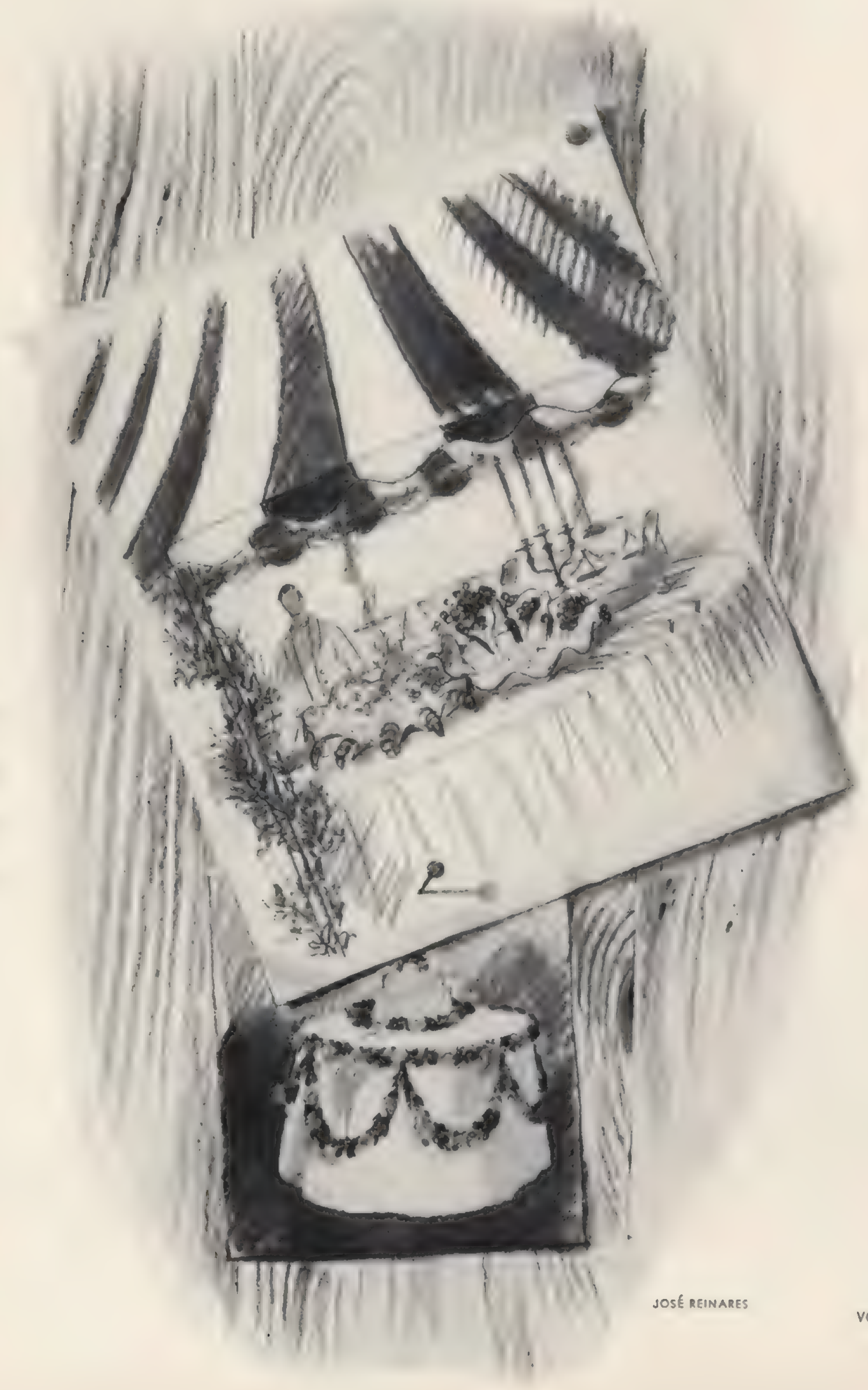
Food at the reception is becoming a matter of geography; in town, it is often decidedly de-emphasized, while even a quite small country wedding might involve a fairly extensive buffet lunch, including a hot dish, for the benefit of guests with a long way to travel. Or just a few such guests may be invited to stay on, after the reception proper, for a small supper. The marquee idea can be and has been adapted successfully in the form of service tents, often including kitchen facilities—thereby sparing the house the often all-pervading fragrance of food in the cooking. Town or country, gin-and-tonic is now a year-round drink; Scotch and bourbon consumption goes up in winter; champagne is fine anytime.

Some recent contributions to the art of decorating for the wedding: A marquee built around a giant wisteria tree in midwinter—the tree being equipped with a full quota of entirely lifelike, but unreal, blossoms. A country church filled with—instead of all-white flowers—cornflowers, daffodils, and forsythia. And a church in town made a bower of, with pale-pink dogwood blossoms—real ones, but filled out, as it happened, with artificial (nobody knew but the florist). A reception held in a drawing room swagged for the occasion with garlands like Grinling Gibbons "carvings"—made entirely of white peony blossoms. (The florist, Carl Holpp, also uses red or white carnations at other seasons.)

A final note (partly sociological) for the wedding manager who's *still* feeling slightly overwhelmed by the size of the job ahead: in many large cities there are now firms that will take over *all* the preparations for a wedding, from invitations to decorations to food and music. Known as "entertainment bureaus," these firms, which also manage many of the larger coming-out parties each season, operate like travel bureaus, making no charge to the client. Three of the best-known in New York: Chapin & Palmer; Tappin & Tew, Inc.; Burden-Littell. Other aids-to-managing include the professional decorators who specialize in decorations for parties and weddings; and in almost all towns, there are caterers and florists equipped to handle vast amounts of detail, with experience. For specifics read on.

The wedding decorations

An attractive way of managing the refreshment situation at a garden wedding makes use of a ring-shaped buffet table (below), circling the centre tent pole of a gold-and-white striped marquee. What the arrangement offers, besides decorativeness is: efficiency—waiters stationed inside the ring can serve with dispatch, a sizable flock of guests. On the table itself, which is covered with a pleated white cloth, go giant sea shells, filled with cold lobster and perhaps a hot dish. (For more about the wedding food, turn to page 94.) A third shell holds the champagne, bedded on crushed ice with great green and purple grape clusters spilling over the bottles. In the space remaining there are trays of sandwiches, plates, glasses, napkins, and silver (or perhaps, in view of the gold-and-white dazzle overhead, vermeil). The wedding cake, sketched separately, makes an equally festive appearance when the time comes, carried in on a little round table of its own—the table, like the cake itself, wreathed with garlands of greenery and gardenias. Wedding plan, including the marquee, designed by the New York entertainment bureau of Chapin and Palmer.



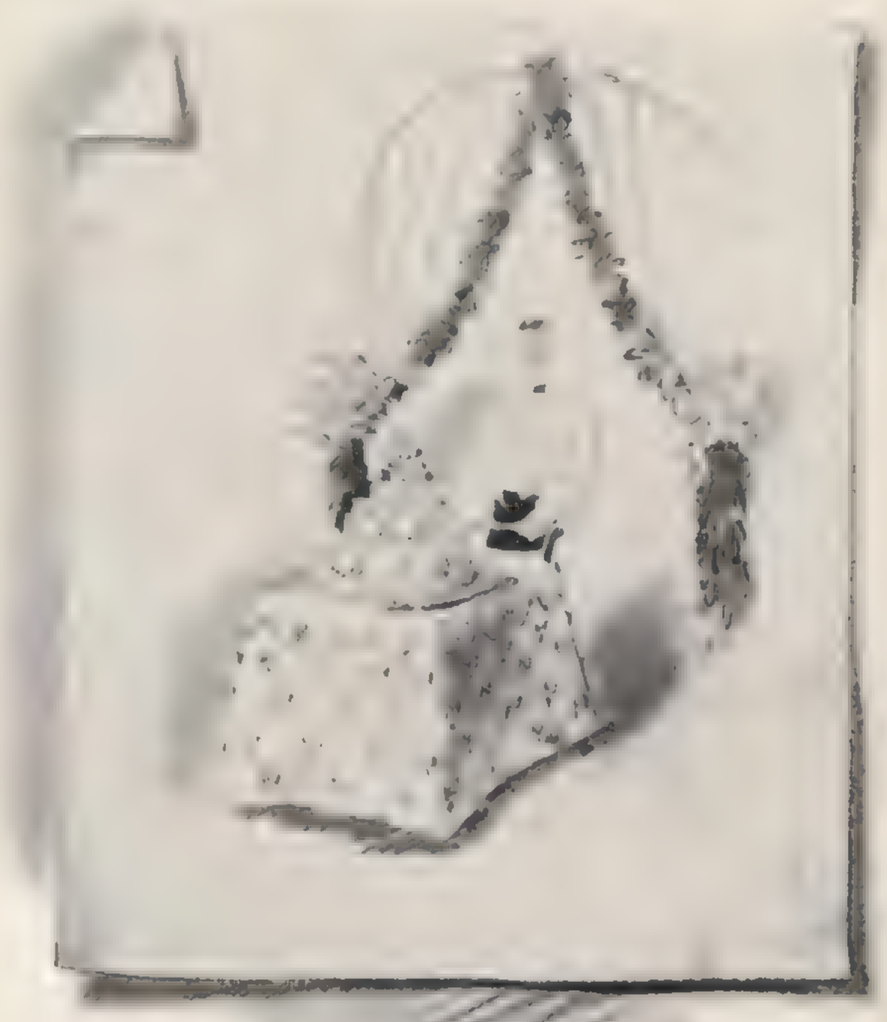
Round-table buffet, a gold-and-white marquee

JOSÉ REINARES



For the reception —a temporary room-with-a-view

A closed marquee, above, designed for a spring wedding, is equipped with a built-in view: its sides are made of transparent plastic, hung like so many picture windows between garlanded tent poles. Guests, protected from the weather, have an impressionistic view of the garden outside—in the case of a recent Long Island wedding: blue sky and tulips, with huge white-flowering magnolia trees sheltering the whole. Inside the pale-pink tent here, the flowers are white: round bowls of daisies and sweet peas on the pink-clothed tables, great spicy sprays of snapdragons high overhead on the centre tent poles. (Each spray conceals the fixtures which light the tent.) A small dance floor, 20 feet across, occupies the centre of the marquee, and the red-coated musicians sit at one end, with a buffet table set up nearby. Or a tent of this kind might open onto a smaller, auxiliary marquee for the refreshments. Wedding plan by Burden-Littell of New York; Carl Holpp florist. • The wedding cake at right makes its entrance on wheels—those of a small serving cart camouflaged by a snowy white tablecloth sown with little white ribbon bows. In a similar plan for garden weddings, the cart might come as a flower cart, sent circulating among the guests with trays of sandwiches and hors d'œuvres.



Wedding cake, travelling by cart

Wedding decorations *continued*



In the church: peonies by candlelight

Peonies are the mainspring here, mixed with stock and baby's-breath. The point: more blossom per flower. (Following the same line of thought: cabbage roses, in the summertime; outsize chrysanthemums in the autumn.) Subpoint: fragrance—a delicious adjunct to any ceremony, and one as easily as not planned in advance. Next, placement—for maximum effectiveness and, at the same time, a good clear view of the proceedings for everybody present. At left, outsize sprays of peonies (their bloom-span carefully timed for peak performance the day, and hour, of the ceremony) blossom high up on side pillars. Lights hidden inside each spray supplement the candlelight. The smaller nosegays, with ribbons in between, mark off the pews to be reserved. From each extends a tall church taper, its holder twined in greenery, its flame high enough to give a lovely light without blocking anybody's view of the bride. Flowers, and their arrangement here, by Carl Holpp.

• Sketched right: New way to put flowers on the table—*sew* them on. The daisies here, leafed out with maidenhair fern and tied with pale-yellow bows, are stitched in millefleurs appliqué over double layerings of white tarlatan. Made to order by Ann Hagan.



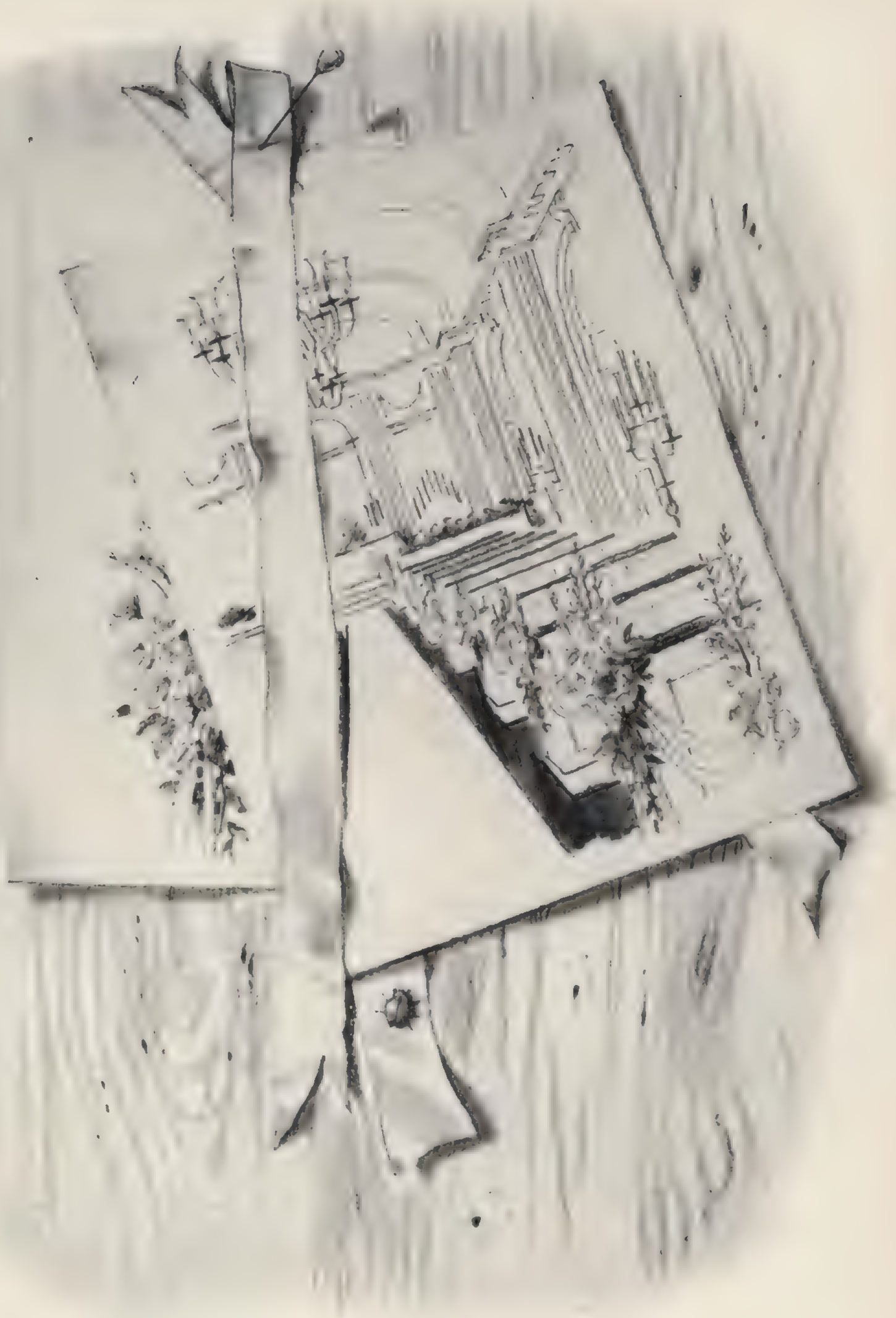
A garden wedding, these days, can happen almost any place: these roses bloom indoors (right) against white-painted trellises. Garlands of greenery bear them out, and so do the tablecloths, dropped over pink linen underskirts and caught up in swags with fat rose-coloured bows. (At the church: white roses, bridesmaids dressed in pink-dotted Swiss.) For a spring wedding, the same plan might be carried out in forsythia, with tablecloths in yellow linen, bows and underskirts pale green. Or the whole arrangement could move out-of-doors—the trellises spaced around a wedding marquee, or against the brick walls of a city garden. This plan designed by Perry Kelly, for Tappin and Tew.

Ballroom into garden—via trellises

DRAWINGS BY JOSÉ REINARES

On the table:
daisies—
in appliqué







Country wedding: two-part plan with roses

Rambler roses, the small, wild, delicate-pink kind, run through plans for both wedding and reception as sketched here. Above: the pews of a small country church as they might look festooned with roses and green leaves, with double streamers of pale-green ribbon to mark off the reserved sections. Bridesmaids, too, would carry roses, tied into loose sprays with the same pale-green ribbon, might wear alternating pale-pink and green dresses. Afterwards, at the reception, guests would sit at tables around centrepieces of miniature straw hats filled with roses. Bigger hats—wide, floppy-brimmed ones, with the crowns wired for light—might hang on ribbon streamers against the garden walls or (as at right) on the centre tent pole of a marquee, trailing still more roses. These decorations by Helen Cole.





Non-classic presents

Non-classics, chosen

for the bride with a mind—

and tastes—of her own

The point here: presents chosen for a single, particular bride—the one who happens to be crazy about Swedish glass, say, or English silver, or just anything as long as it's Early American. The classics, we figured (a dozen monogrammed dinner napkins, a place-setting of the bride's new silver), can take care of themselves this once. They need no reminders; they will already be there, written first, and most firmly at the top of the bride's list. This time, what we've gone after are the presents beyond these presents: the maverick presents that are, by virtue of their own special, wonderful, one-of-a-kindness, the *non*-classics. For example, these (above, left to right):

KAY BELL

• Wide-based replica of a clear crystal ship's decanter, bull's-eye stopper. $65. Steuben Glass.
• Dutch crystal decanter. $17.50. Bonniers.
•Tankard coffeepot, silverplated. $69.50 plus tax. Saks Fifth Avenue.
• Twin chafing dishes, Pyrex, with brass warmer, cover, and stand. $35. Bergdorf Goodman.

• Danish sterling silver ice tongs. $45*. Georg Jensen.
• After-dinner coffee cup and saucer: 20th-century Nymphenburg. $10.20 Bonwit Teller.
• Pottery pitcher by Stig Lindberg. $4.50. Bonniers. And in it: sterling silver stirrer. $6*. Black, Starr & Gorham.
• Brass trivet. $5. Bergdorf Goodman.

• Cut crystal toasting glass. $35. Baccarat.
• Tôle epergne, heaped with unreal fruit. $35. Helen Cole.
• Champagne glass from Scandinavia. $4.75. Serendipity.
• Danish flamestone casserole ($17) and *réchaud*, $4.50. Bergdorf Goodman.
• English "trug" basket of waxed fruits, vegetables. $45. Alice Marks.
• Reproduction in sterling silver of Charles II coffeepot. $188*. Robert Ensko.
• Sterling silver sea shell. $40*. Cartier.
• Early American muffineer reproduced in sterling silver. $29.55 plus tax. Saks Fifth Avenue.
• Asparagus, in pottery. $12.50. Alice Marks.
• Unreal flower arrangement, to order at Helen Cole.

• Brass-bound ice keg. $31.50. Bergdorf Goodman.
• Covered pottery dish. $20. Lord & Taylor.
• Danish brass candlestick. $30 a pair. Through decorators at Luten-Clarey-Stern.
• White bisque tulip, china *cachepot*. $7*. Tiffany.
• French porcelain pillbox. $10.50. Bonwit Teller.

*INCLUDING TAX

The wedding food:

Five menus, and a postscript on champagne

There are two basic ways of coping with the food for a wedding: it may be either the traditional seated wedding breakfast of several courses (served after an eleven o'clock ceremony), or at *any* wedding, a buffet ranging from champagne and wedding cake to elaborate and varied menus. The choice depends on the number of guests expected and, quite simply, preference. The lengthy, served wedding dinner, for instance, is largely a thing of the past, simply because most guests, particularly the younger ones, would rather move around, and on and off the dance floor, if there is one, than concentrate formally on food. In its place: the seated buffet supper, with guests carrying their own plates to small tables set up exactly as for a served meal. Or the reception may take the form of an informal tea, at which guests stand, sit, or wander around as they please, and the food is designed accordingly to be eaten with the fingers.

In spite of the lapse in the formalities of serving and/or arranged seating, the food at most weddings has taken a decided upward swing. The popularity of suburban and country weddings accounts for some of this, simply because guests who have come a long way welcome food substantial enough to tide them over the long way home. The same is true of any wedding where dancing is proposed. And even in town, where the refreshments tend to be lighter altogether, there is evidence of the current enthusiasm for good food in general, and a wish to avoid the banal.

Happily, there is no "standard" wedding menu: choice is governed, in the main, by the same rules that operate in planning any menu—namely, what's in season and looks and tastes good. Most caterers will cheerfully cooperate in working out a plan to order. The following menus, then—all subject to alteration or even quite drastic abbreviation—are keyed to the current trend away from the professional's stock offerings, and toward lighter, more varied, and frequently much more appetizing food.

A WEDDING BREAKFAST

Served at about noon after a morning wedding, the wedding breakfast may be a served or buffet meal. If the last, the soup would be at each place, and the soup cup taken away while guests serve themselves to the entrée. The food is light but substantial enough to tide the guests over to the dinner hour.

CHAMPAGNE COCKTAILS
with thin cocktail wafers

HOT OR JELLIED CHICKEN BOUILLON
served in cups, with cheese straws

CRAB-FILLED PANCAKES
in a Mornay sauce

BROCCOLI WITH BROWN BUTTER
sprinkled with Parmesan cheese

CHICORY AND BEETROOT SALAD
with mustard and cream dressing

HOT ROLLS

CHILLED FRESH FRUIT MACÉDOINE
in champagne, with slivered almonds

WEDDING CAKE

Champagne throughout

COFFEE

TWO SEATED BUFFET LUNCHES

The large trays of hot and cold hors d'oeuvres, to be passed to the guests, allow for quite a long pre-lunch milling around so everyone may speak to everyone else before being seated. Each menu offers both fowl and sea food.

I

HOT AND COLD HORS D'OEUVRES
served on trays

BABY ROCK LOBSTERS
in a vermouth Newburg

RICE PILAF

CHICKEN AND MUSHROOMS
in cream with brandy

BUTTERED TORRONCINI
(little Italian pasta corkscrews)

STRING BEAN SALAD WITH TOMATOES
in French dressing

PEACH MELBA

WEDDING CAKE

CHAMPAGNE

COFFEE

II

TERRINE OF PÂTÉ

SUPRÊME OF CHICKEN PAPRIKA

BUTTERED FINE NOODLES

AVOCADO MOUSSE
filled with tiny rock lobster tails, in Russian dressing

WATER CRESS AND TOMATO SALAD

FLUTED CORN STICKS

COEUR À LA CRÈME
tinted with raspberry juice and served with

FRESH RASPBERRY SAUCE WITH KIRSCH

WEDDING CAKE

CHAMPAGNE

COFFEE

A WEDDING TEA

This is a stand-up and wander-around reception with seating provided, but no place cards or prearranged seating plan. There will be tea and coffee as well as the champagne and, optionally, cocktails or other drinks.

TRAYS OF TEA SANDWICHES
Water-cress, cucumber, cream cheese and chutney, egg and tomato, mushroom and cream cheese, chicken

THIN PANCAKES
filled with deviled ham and rolled

HOT CANAPÉS LORENZO
Hot crab meat creamed on toast with Parmesan cheese

CHEESE TARTLETS

CROQUE-MONSIEURS
Ham and Gruyère melted on small fried bread sandwiches

ROQUEFORT MILLE-FEUILLES
Puff pastry filled with creamed and brandied Roquefort

CREAM PUFFS WITH SPICED PÂTÉ
(made from chicken livers)

ASPIC OF FOIE GRAS
(a champagne aspic with truffles)

TINY INDIVIDUAL LOBSTER QUICHES

WEDDING CAKE

CHAMPAGNE

TEA AND COFFEE

CHAMPAGNE

The wedding champagne may, of course, be served straight from the bottle, in which case the only questions at hand are the kind to buy and how much. (For the first, consult the suggestions at the end of this article.) As for quantity, six to eight drinks per bottle are about usual.

(Continued on page 95)

CHAMPAGNE POSTSCRIPT

(Continued from page 94)

It is best not to ice more at a time than is needed, since the wine is less good when chilled the second time. For a large group, magnums or jeroboams, incidentally, are not only more festive but also, on the whole, rather more practical.

A champagne punch can be as simple as the cooling Champagne-Cassis, or an elaborate fruity mix complete with sherbet. For the Champagne-Cassis, gauge ¼ cup Cassis to a bottle of champagne—more or less, according to the liking for a sweet punch. If the wedding is a small one, the drinks can be made right in the glass: a dash of cassis and champagne to taste. This, by the way, is a beautiful summer drink on the terrace anytime.

A not-too-sweet, and extremely refreshing fruit punch can be made with 2 tins of frozen pineapple cubes soaked in a fifth of light rum for 2 hours. At the same time, add the peel (finely cut) of 3 lemons to a fifth of cognac, a scant cup of sugar. When ready to serve, pour both mixtures over a block of ice in the punch bowl and blend them. Add 4 bottles of well-chilled champagne.

Another punch simply makes use of the basic ingredients of a champagne cocktail on a large scale. Add a fifth of cognac to 24 lumps of sugar which have spent the previous three hours in a jar with the grated peel of 3 lemons. Pour over a block of ice in a punch bowl and add a few dashes of Angostura bitters, 2 dashes of orange flower water, and 6 bottles of champagne.

A sherbet punch which many people enjoy is made with 2 to 3 quarts of raspberry ice in the punch bowl, to which are added fresh or frozen raspberries, a touch of kirsch or Framboise, and 3 to 4 bottles of chilled champagne. Serve at once.

For a fruity, old-fashioned, but surprisingly simple punch, add ½ cup of cognac to each pound of sliced fruits in season—strawberries, raspberries, cherries, apricots, whatever the market or garden can produce. Cover this with chilled white wine, about 4 bottles to 4 pounds of fruit, and chill thoroughly. Add a block of ice just before serving and a magnum, or 2 bottles, of extra dry champagne.

One final suggestion—again, for small weddings only: a "mai-bowle" consisting of a fork-pricked peach in each glass, which is then filled with chilled champagne.

The choice of the champagne itself involves a wide range in price, but not necessarily in quality. While a vintage champagne will be expensive ($9 to $11 a bottle), a good non-vintage variety, French or domestic, might be better than some poor vintage years, and at a considerably lower price. (Consult your liquor-dealer on this.) Besides this encouraging fact, it's nice to know, too, that most of the larger liquor stores carry a fine French champagne under a private label at lesser prices: Sherry Wine & Spirits in New York, for instance, has a Marcel Père et Fils Brut, 1952, at $4.39 a bottle. Beltzer's in Los Angeles has one called H. Leblanc Carte Blanche, at $4.99.

Of the domestic, non-vintage champagnes, Sherry's recommends the following:
Paul Masson Brut ($4.29), Extra Dry ($3.98), and Pink ($4.29); Almadén Brut ($3.95); Cooks Brut ($4.87); Korbel Brut ($4.84), and Korbel Rosé ($4.84); all from California. And from New York: Gold Seal Brut ($4.25) and Great Western Brut ($4.35).

A list of good French non-vintage varieties would include Moët & Chandon White Seal, Mumm's Extra Dry, Piper Heidsieck Extra Dry, Roederer Brut, Bollinger Brut, and Krug Brut, all at around six and seven dollars a bottle.

And of the vintage champagnes: Bollinger '52, Taittinger Rosé '52, Roederer Cristal '52, Krug Extra Sec 1949, and Moët Dom Perignon 1947—the last named, $119 a case and considered, by connoisseurs, to be worth it. An American entry, Martin Ray's limited production Madame Pinot, '52, enjoys also the highest reputation at $8.95 a bottle, or $100 a case. Any one of the foregoing, incidentally, is good enough to be served straight; as for the very fine ones, it would be a pity to drink them any other way.



ROADS TO ROME

(Continued from page 61)

Praise for this hotel isn't necessary; it is a first-class stopover. On certain stifling days, I found its air-conditioned rooms as full of charm as the shady cavities of the Blue Grotto.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S PAVEMENT

In Italy, a surfeit of masterworks waits for the too-greedy traveller. That is why I do not advise anyone going to Rome to stop in Florence. Florence is not a stop; its treasures are a world which needs a full stay. Sometimes it is better to go hungry. . . .

An itinerary by way of Piacenza, Parma, Modena, Pistoia, Fucecchio, Castelfiorentino, and Poggibonsi, led me through some rather pretty towns, and some lovely scenery, to bring me out satisfied, right on the *piazza* in front of the Cathedral of Siena. Its pavement is unique in the world—no greater challenge exists against conformity and ignorance. There, in a cathedral raised to the glory of Christ, the artists of the Renaissance, as proud of being philosophers as they were of being Christians, gave homage to all forms of knowledge, wisdom, and truth, even those antedating Christian thought. The bearded silhouette of the Trismegistus Hermes welcomes the traveller. The sublime marquetry of the Cathedral's floor gives each Sibyl its own physiognomy: the Libyan, the Delphian, the Phrygian, the Persian, the Tiburtine. In Spain, that intolerant country, an artist who dared conceive even a minute part of this pavement would have been burned at the stake.

On reaching the Cathedral, it is absolutely essential to see the Piccolomini Library, where Pinturicchio painted, in fresco, the life of Pope Pius II in ten scenes. Aeneas Sylvius Piccolomini was a courtier, poet, diplomat, and orator until he was forty-two. He was also the author of a fashionable novel, *Lucretia and Eurialus*. Then the spiritual crisis occurred which made him renounce his worldly life to become a priest. Twelve years later, after he was Bishop of Trieste, then of Siena, Aeneas Sylvius Piccolomini became Pope Pius II. He was a humanist pope.

One should also visit his native city, which at the time of his birth was called Corsignano, a severe, peasant market town. After he became the Pontiff, he changed the name of the town to Pienza. Today it is just as it was at the time of his death, the model city of a Maecenas Pope, and the work of Rossellino, one of the best architects of the period. It took less than four years before Pienza could pride itself on one of the most beautiful cathedrals in the region, on a pontifical palace, an episcopal palace, and a public palace.

One really should enter the court of the Piccolomini Palace, as profound and cool as a well, and visit its gardens to contemplate the remarkable view over the Sienese countryside, which is more varied and romantic than the tender Florentine countryside. It is a good idea to sit down on one of the three high stone steps which surround the palace like a monumental sideboard and breathe the light air of Pienza. There, before the palace of Pope Pius II, once sat, undoubtedly, the pages, squires, gentlemen, major-domos, guards, and visitors from Siena and Florence, whose faces, costumes, silhouettes, and attitudes Pinturicchio has bequeathed to us in his frescoes with the precision of a good storyteller.

After Pienza, the city which counts only palaces, it is necessary to pass through another marvel of Renaissance style, Montepulciano, the city which counts only one main thoroughfare—a single long street constructed on the ridge of a hill. From that central spine spread narrow alleys, silent footpaths which bury themselves under low vaults.

Nothing has changed at Montepulciano since the Renaissance when Vignola apparently constructed the Tarugi Palace, and Sangallo the Cervini and Cocconi Palaces. The men in the street are so formally dressed, with hats and gloves, that they seem to have just left a posing session with Benozzo Gozzoli. Where are they going? What occupation in this provincial city justifies such dignified clothes?

STAYING IN OLD PALACES

For anyone ready to give up the service of grand hotels, and willing to ride in elevators that are sometimes short-winded, I know of certain palaces, turned hotels, where the disadvantages are compensated for by beautiful façades, superb staircases, and vaulted ceilings.

At Siena, among palaces of proud appearance, there is the Palazzo Ravizza, a comfortable hotel with immense rooms, on the Pian dei Mantellini. It is a marvellous stop because certain rooms look out over the Sienese countryside; the only noise, the chimes of a nearby church.

At Orvieto, the best hotel is the Grand Hotel Reale, a superb palace. The best time to stop at Orvieto is at the fall of day when people sit around the fountains and on the stairways to await the cool of evening. Every *piazza* then is like an immense salon in the open air. At seven o'clock on a summer's evening, everyone is there, talking, and the Cathedral has the air of a jewel set down among the crowd.

AT ROME

"A brilliant assembly met every day at her house . . . it was the general rendezvous of play, amusement, and pleasures . . . she excelled . . . entertaining." This is about Poppaea. Thus Jacques Roergas de Serviez wrote in 1720 in his book, *The Roman Empresses*. Much evil has been said of Nero and Poppaea, but had we known that young bride and groom at the beginning of their love, we might have appreciated their marvellous palace, architecturally and decoratively the newest in Europe.

The "Domus Aurea" is supposed to be Nero's work, although it is almost certain that Poppaea was its originator. The case is classic: she refused to settle into the Imperial Palace on the Palatine Hill, the old residence of Claudius, her stepfather-in-law, and of numerous emperors before him. It was an official residence, probably painted in purple, with eagles on every storey, and worse, surrounded by barracks. Undoubtedly Poppaea considered "old hat, dusty, dark, and sinister," the apartment that Nero had chosen for her. Nero, whom she overruled, was persuaded to build the "Domus Aurea" among the green groves of Mount Oppius, a palace more pleasing to his Beautiful Lady.

Poppaea liked frescoes on a light background: on the walls, she had bouquets painted. She insisted on light, airy, luminous rooms, central heating, and numerous bathrooms near the bedrooms. To wit, plenty of comfort.

One should allot a whole morning to visit the ruins of this house, which was an early example of graceful living. My guide, an old man who dragged his feet and neglected to close the most essential buttons of his uniform, had a great admiration for Nero.

"He was a fine Emperor," he said, but the guide was severe about Poppaea, whom he considered a social climber.

"Ah, if only you could have seen the house when he lived here," he sighed. From room to room, he bitterly evoked the absent statues, the marble facings, the mosaics which have disappeared.

At Rome, I don't like to stay at a hotel too far away from the Piazza di Spagna, from its famous staircase decorated with flowers like a street altar, from Bernini's little boat fountain where golden-skinned children splash during the cool hours, from the gardens of the Pincio, from the Villa Medici, with its thousands of birds. That is why I like the Hotel Inghilterra, with its old-fashioned charm, on Via Bocca di Leone. Nino's *trattoria* on the Via Borgonona is only a few steps away. At this restaurant, all fashionable and intellectual Rome meets. Moravia, whose eyelashes are so black that they seem like a line of kohl around his eyes, is an habitué of this restaurant, one of the few where one may lunch in coolness when Rome is blanketed with heat. At sunset, when the domes of the city are rose-tinted and the birds on cue begin their extraordinary twilight ballet, it is pleasant to hire a carriage for the whole evening, to drive down the Via Appia, to stop at the Catacombs of Saint Calixtus and to dine at the restaurant of Saint Calixtus, which is perhaps too well-known and too chic, with its orchestra, indirect lighting, and dance floor. Its specialties are Chicken Nero, flamed in cognac and laurel, and Salad Messallina. The first time that I went there, the captain came in holding at arm's length my superbly blazing chicken on its skewer. I was surprised to see among the guests so many seminarians. This restaurant did not seem the kind to attract an ecclesiastical group. The *trattoria* owner gave me the clue: there is an American seminary nearby. When the families of these young seminarians come from the United States, naturally they go to this excellent outdoor restaurant.

There I saw a little blond seminarian in a black soutane, in between Father-in-a-flowered-shirt and Mother-with-pink-tinted-hair, consuming a Messallina Salad to the sound of Neapolitans singing at the tops of their voices, "Questo Amore Splendido" ("Love is a Many-Splendoured Thing"). Far off, hundreds of starlings swirled above the walls of Rome.



RUTLEDGE

The close-fitting coiffure

Continuing the news of smaller, neater headlines (see pages 36 to 39), a short softly curled coiffure, brushed off the neck and forward; a switch from the exaggerated pouf. Basis for it: Caryl Richards Softy Permanent wave. Coiffure, by Julius Caruso.

VOGUE'S SURPRISE DIET

(Continued from page 69)

Reckoning on a Monday-to-Friday diet, the plan is to eat breakfast and lunch every day within the limit of 300 calories per meal; then to follow up the bonanza first-day dinner on page 69 with the equally un-austere menus detailed below, all well below the 600-calorie limit. Asterisks indicate dishes for which recipes follow.

TUESDAY

	CALORIES
*Oysters Casino	80
*Chinese beef with asparagus	133
Endive, Roquefort dressing	125
*Cherries flambés	115

WEDNESDAY

	CALORIES
*Jellied chicken consommé with tarragon or chives	27
2 green peppers stuffed with lamb and ⅓ cup rice	300
Green salad with vinegar and 1 tbsp. olive oil	100
*Baked peaches (2 halves)	100

THURSDAY

	CALORIES
*Danish cucumber soup	70
Small serving roast lamb	225
Small roast potato	100
Spinach en branche (½ cup)	25
Raw celery (4 stalks)	20
1 medium orange sliced with 1 oz. kirsch	50 70

FRIDAY

	CALORIES
*Onion soup	70
Sole broiled with white wine and mushrooms	160
Green salad with 1 tbsp. olive oil and lemon juice or vinegar	110
Fresh watermelon with 1 oz. cognac	90 75

(Continued on page 100)

THE SHOES THAT LOVE TO GO WALKING



MEADOW

BRITISH WALKERS

BY MARSHALL, MEADOWS AND STEWART
AUBURN, NEW YORK



DEMI-HAT...
Betmar's hint of a hat...rich rayon velvet, criss-crossed over a face-framing veil. In the season's new colors.
About $7.
At fine stores everywhere or write:
BETMAR HATS, Inc.
1 West 39th Street
New York 18, N. Y.

I WENT TO THE FAIR...

(Continued from page 48)

face of things like ants in an ant house. As we trailed through the reception hall, Fair hostesses routed us around a red carpet. My American reflexes came late to the idea that this was for Baudouin, King of the Belgians.

After a long chill wait, in the tribunes (grandstands, to us) King Baudouin entered by the main gate to the vamp-till-ready strains of the Exposition March, and the blaze was on—horses, brandishing of sabres, plumed hats, and American Cadillacs. The Royal procession's lead white horse looked straight out of the Battle of Waterloo, curling spirited lips back over the teeth and pawing vivaciously. Then there were dappled ones, and brown ones curried and stamped with a stylish checkerboard pattern over their rumps. At last, in an open car, the King, frail, slender, unsmiling; none of the showy bowing to the populace that one expects, but a few *vive le rois*. Then a sotto voce ripple, "Liliane," and King Leopold rode by with his beautiful second wife, Liliane. She carried one of those long-stemmed floppy bouquets that go with royalty; her face was pale, fascinating, romantic.

As we streamed out of the stands after the procession, an enormous flight of birds fluttered overhead followed by three jet planes smoke-trailing the red, black, and yellow of Belgium. Everywhere officialdom rode in long black American cars.

Striking out alone, I made for the International section. Passing the dazzling and truly extraordinary French building (then unfinished), with its shining moth-wing roof, I drifted into the Netherlands Pavilion where mango and peeping tom grew in the dooryard and the atmosphere was Dutch Twins-Hans Brinker with real waves plopping smartly against a real dyke; on the far shore of the *zee*, a well-groomed goat, pristine and elegant, was tethered on the green, saved no doubt by his narrow skull structure from forebodings of what an Exposition summer might do to a goat.

In Austria's ravishing, super-tidy nursery school, four children industriously made cheese and ham sandwiches from a round, crusty loaf of bread. In a talk with one of the teachers we discovered that all the "progressive" toys I thought were Swedish *she* thought were American. There were fascinating costumes for what my child calls dress-up, but the Austrians call, with some reason, "la fantasie." The boys' favourite was the Indian costume—a stylish Mittel Europe injun.

Morocco and Tunisia looked charming—clear blues, tiling, lacework walls. Switzerland one enters through the heart of the Alps, shown in blue-lighted photo-murals—the building's roof, in fact, is a rather Alpine series of peaks. Amazing how much one knows about the Swiss, I reflected, nibbling thick delectable slices of bread and cheese, as I looked over the thin, thin watches ("Time is the art of the Swiss."), the reportage of dairy farming, mountain climbing, textiles, Bally shoes, chic sports clothes. Nearby was the cocked-hat building designed by Le Corbusier to house the Phillips electrical company's "poème électronique"—so far an unfinished work.

To get into the British Government Pavilion (a strangely un-English construction in the shape of a crystal) you pass through their hall of living tradition, bright with standards, crests, a copy of the Annigoni portrait of the Queen. Beyond that is a splendid down-the-line documentation of life in Britain. The one-upmanship displays range from "counting fish by sound," "marrying root and fruit" for apples, to a model of the breeder-fission reactor on the stormy coast of Scotland. Britain's model school was set up for a game called "Bank"; all very Threadneedle Street. My all-time favourite, however, was a sort of mass movie—dozens of perpetual silent flicks set up on a curved wall. The titles in French and English included: "After-Dinner Speech," "Le samedi soir," "Le manche en plein air," and "Le five o'clock." This last, a dilly with a mad tea party for two against a background of green-flowered wallpaper. The guest wore an incredible hat, long earrings, and eyed the cakes with a bright and beady beam. In other squares, people queued for buses, bobbies took children across dangerous intersections. It's the Fair's best instance of self-directed national wit.

Among Europeans, one of the comparisons to make is between the British Pavilion and the German Pavilion. It's not an easy one. The Germans have put up a handsome no-nonsense building of glass, smart with black and white and pipestem uprights, and chocked it with riches—musical instruments, posters, modern furniture, bathtubs galore, and some forbidding machinery, much of it medical. The legends are heavy-handed ("Drive violence, frivolity, and coarseness out of your pleasures.") The bookshop, with its Thonet rocker, was much the biggest I saw, with a full complement of art books, a record player, a good deal of Faulkner, early Hemingway, Ezra Pound, and Thomas Wolfe.

Actually, however, there was no resisting the pull of the two big shows, and as I came down the road to the Calder whale, I could hear our band playing that good old Sousa stuff outside the U. S. Pavilion. Sounded great. TV cameras swivelled, the newsreel boys were there, and before the band, Leonard Lyons talked earnestly to a man in silk hat and morning coat.

Inside was a miracle: somehow they'd gotten the show on the road. The pool was full; the photo-murals were up. And the doors were hardly open when there was a throng about the machine with metal claws to handle radioactive objects. Another around the real voting machines, one of the big hits. Another at RAMAC, that highly literate, ten-language machine that sparks off what happened in any year you name—such unexpected *trouvailles* as the fact that Pascal's *Pensées* appeared in 1670.

Vogue's fashion show had just started its first run, and the pool was rimmed with people. Frenchmen and Spaniards loving it; lumpy schoolgirls with braids and spots eyeing the blue jeans, the evening dresses. Three Americans dressed for le camping were startled fairly out of their knapsacks. Perhaps the most spell-binding spectator was a Russian—identifiable by his clothes, occasional steel teeth, a strong Slavic profile—the only Russian I saw in our Pavilion. He watched attentively, suddenly grinned, with international masculinity, when one of the models turned on the float in an engaging flash of pleats and beads.

The Russians' masterstroke, their restaurant, had established itself as a hit even before the press preview. I tried feebly to lunch there, but the crowds were so vast and steamy, I spent hours roaming the Pavilion waiting for a break. Women with sprinkling cans tended red geraniums that had grown overnight at Lenin's feet. In the art exhibit, one felt absolutely starved for some good avant-garde stuff like a *Saturday Evening Post* cover. But one fact was sure: the place to find an American at the Fair was in the Russian Pavilion. . . . There were several in the restaurant when I found a table, and (unknowingly then) fell into the unseemly Russian category, "not cultured"—I didn't check my coat. When I eventually slipped it off, warmed by the atmosphere and a nip of vodka, an irate checkroom attendant swept down upon me, crying, "Obligatoire, obligatoire!" Half a dozen other people fell beneath her scythe, and we all received identical checks with no hint as to whether she had coats and owners properly sorted out. (She did.)

Wearing the retrieved coat triumphantly, I snatched a final half hour to ride the Expo's telelift, a dazzling arrangement on the principle of a ski lift, with small round cars, red, blue, yellow, that swing along on cables about sixteen feet above the ground. Exhilarating is the word for this ride with its fine perspective, the quick views through second-storey windows. In the Vatican restaurant, early diners ate assiduously behind the glass façade lettered in red: "Civitas Dei." Bucketing along above the throng, I sailed down the descending pools that make up the Water Staircase, smack up to the Atomium, under it and on.

Obviously, in two days you can't make Brussels' complete world tour. I'd missed Czechoslovakia—and I'd been told it was superb. Half a dozen other countries were by me untrodden. And I never quite "did" the Belgian Congo zebra-skin by zebra-skin—even the floors were striped—but *this* was the Fair.

ANSWERS TO THE QUIZ

(Continued from page 43)

66. The only people unable to make fire at the beginning of the twentieth century were the Andaman Islanders and the Congo pygmies. The Andaman Islanders, ignorant of fire making, obtained fire by the simple device of never letting their fires go out. The Congo pygmies purchase their fire from their Bantu neighbours.

67. Heinrich Schliemann (1822-1890) was the German archaeologist who revived the interest in Greek classical archaeology.

68. The use of an artificial satellite is largely experimental, and to answer many questions about outer space and the possibility of human survival in such artificial structures.

69. Havelock Ellis (1859-1939), English psychologist and sexologist, author of the famous seven-volume *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*, and numerous other distinguished works.

70. A gene is a hereditary particle contained in a chromosome. It is a giant autocatalytic self-duplicating protein molecule.

71. Osmosis refers to the passage of fluids through a semipermeable membrane.

72. Gresham's law was named after the founder of the English Royal Exchange and of Gresham College in London, Sir Thomas Gresham, who explained the principle to Queen Elizabeth in 1558, namely, that when two or more kinds of money of equal denomination but unequal intrinsic value are in circulation at the same time, the one of greater value will tend to be hoarded or exported. In general usage this has come to be popularly interpreted as the principle that bad money will drive good money out of circulation.

73. A savannah is a more or less treeless plain or fairly flat, open region.

74. A stalactite is an icicle-shaped deposit of carbonate of lime hanging from the roof or sides of a cave. A stalagmite is a cone-shaped deposit of carbonate of lime extending upward from the floor of a cave.

75. William Harvey (1578-1657), English physician, in his book *De Motu Cordis*, gave the first accurate account of the circulation of the blood.

76. The principal means of studying the heavens is by camera through a telescope.

77. The discoverer of the electron was Sir Joseph John Thomson (1856-1940), English physicist; awarded the Nobel prize in 1906.

78. The infinitesimal calculus, which includes the differential and integral calculus, was invented by Isaac Newton and by Gottfried Leibnitz, quite independently; by Leibnitz in 1675-76, and by Newton several years earlier. Leibnitz published in 1684, and Newton in 1693. Leibnitz's notation is still in use.

79. Archimedes (287?-212 B.C.), Greek mathematician and physicist, discovered the principles of the lever and of specific gravity.

80. Females live longer than males, virtually throughout the whole of animated nature, because they are the biologically more valuable part of the species capital. All the males on the earth could die at this moment, but the species would still go on. But if all the females were to die—the conclusion is or should be obvious. The female must be preserved during gestation at the very least, the male need not be preserved for any time after he has produced conception.

81. There are no societies in which marriage does not exist.

82. Philippus Aureolus Paracelsus (1493-1541) whose real name was Theophrastus Bombastus von Hohenheim, Swiss physician and alchemist, an extraordinary character with ideas much in advance of his time.

83. ACTH are the initials standing for *a*drenocortico*t*rophic *h*ormone, that is to say, the hormone of the anterior portion of the pituitary gland which acts upon the cortex of the adrenal gland to stimulate it to secrete its hormones.

84. A calorie is the heat needed to raise the temperature of one gram of water one degree centigrade. A calorie is the unit for measuring the energy produced by food when oxidized in the body.

85. A centripetal force is one that moves *toward* a centre; a centrifugal force is one that moves *away* from a centre.

86. Women are more resistant to the effects of emotional strain than men.

87. Anthropology tends to concentrate on the study of non-literate peoples; sociology is more specifically the study of literate peoples. The distinction is arbitrary, but useful.

88. The Rosetta Stone, the tablet of black basalt found in 1799 at Rosetta in Egypt, bore parallel inscriptions in ancient Egyptian demotic and hieroglyphic characters, and in Greek, and thus made possible the deciphering of ancient Egyptian writing.

89. The belief in the idea of progress is the wine of the present poured out as a libation to the future. Of course, progress occurs, but it does not do so automatically as was at one time widely believed. Things do not go "onward and upward" of themselves.

(Continued on page 102)

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VOGUE'S SURPRISE DIET

(Continued from page 97)

RECIPES
(*Reprinted from* House & Garden)

Chicken-Tarragon Jellied Consommé

Simmer 5 cups clear chicken broth with 2 teaspoons dried tarragon for 5 minutes. Strain and correct seasoning. Soften 1 envelope plain gelatin in ¼ cup water; add to hot stock; stir until dissolved. Chill. Serve topped with minced chives or tarragon. Serves 6.

Onion Soup

This onion soup differs from the usual one in that it uses chicken stock and Gruyère cheese, instead of beef and Parmesan.

Cook, covered, 4 cups sliced onions in 1 tablespoon butter and ¼ cup water. When onions are tender, add 6 cups seasoned chicken stock. Simmer 40 minutes, correct seasoning. Put a half-serving in each of 6 onion soup pots. On top put 1 Melba toast round; sprinkle with 1 tablespoon grated Gruyère cheese, and 1 teaspoon cream if desired (add 36 calories). Top with remaining soup, another Melba toast round, and another tablespoon cheese. Put under broiler until cheese is brown. Serves 6.

Danish Cucumber Soup

Split 3 long cucumbers and discard seeds. Cut off 16 slices and reserve. Chop remaining cucumber and combine with 1 small chopped onion, 2½ cups chicken stock, and 2 teaspoons dried dill weed (or 1 teaspoon chopped fresh dill). Cook until soft, then force through a sieve or purée in a blender. Return to saucepan with 2 cups milk and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Thicken with *beurre manié* (1 tablespoon butter mixed with 2 tablespoons flour) and cook until smooth. Correct seasoning. Chill. Serve garnished with the reserved cucumber slices. Serves 8.

Oysters Casino

For each serving allow 6 oysters. Open and remove shallow shell. Arrange oysters on pan of rock salt or crinkled foil, so that the shells will be level. Sprinkle each oyster with a few drops lemon juice and 1 teaspoon finely minced green pepper. Top with 1 teaspoon diced raw bacon. Broil until bacon is crisp and oysters plump.

Chinese Beef with Asparagus

Slice ½ pound round steak very thin. Cut 2 green onions and 8 stalks of asparagus in thin diagonal slices (discard all tough portions of asparagus). Put 2 teaspoons oil in a frying pan, add onion, asparagus and meat; cook, stirring, until asparagus turns bright green and the meat just loses its bright red color. Add 1 tablespoon black bean jam (sometimes called soy bean condiment), available at Chinese stores, or use 1 tablespoon soy sauce. Pour in ½ cup bouillon or stock and 2 teaspoons cornstarch mixed with 1 tablespoon water. Cook until the sauce is clear and serve at once. The secret of this dish is *not* to overcook. Serves 4.

Cherries Flambées

Cook 4 cups pitted Bing cherries, 1 cinnamon stick and 1 clove, in 2 cups dry red wine until partially tender. Drain and reserve cherries. Reduce sauce to one-half; sweeten if desired with a little sugar or low calorie sweetener; thicken with 1 tablespoon cornstarch mixed with a little water. Return cherries and reheat. Heat ¼ cup rum, pour over cherries and flame. Serve when flames die down. Serves 6.

Baked Peaches

Peel and halve 6 medium-size ripe peaches; remove stones and some of the pulp. Crush pulp, add the flesh of another peach, 2 crushed macaroons, and fill cavities. Pour 1 cup Marsala over and bake at 350° for 30 minutes. Serve warm. Serves 6.

Bibliography. The best part of dieting now is the fact that it's readily possible to be an *informed*, and therefore cheerful, dieter. The following sources are among those that subscribe to the basic premise of Vogue's Surprise Diet—diet food can taste, look, and be interesting; it's purely a matter of calorie arithmetic.

Stop Dieting! Start Losing! by Ruth West; Bantam Books. *House & Garden's* "Low Calorie Cook Book"; published in the June, 1958 issue of *House & Garden. Let's Eat Right to Keep Fit*, by Adelle Davis; Harcourt, Brace and Company.

PROPS FOR THE DINNER ON PAGES 66-67

From left to right:
Sterling silver butter plate by Lunt.
Wicker basket (holding popovers here); from Bonniers.
Fluted soufflé dish, gilt lustre on white—ovenproof naturally; Royal Worcester.
Sterling silver sauce boat from Robert Ensko.
Glass cake plate; from Serendipity.
Sterling silver platter (the lobster plate) by Gorham.
Green-leaf bowl (here, for asparagus); from Alice Marks.
White Wedgwood sauce boat.
Reed & Barton sterling silver sauce boat.
White consommé cup and plate by Rosenthal.
Black basalt demitasse: Wedgwood.

VIEW FROM A CLOSED WINDOW

(Continued from page 59)

other girls all around you all day and all night. They were kind enough, and friendly as much as they could be, but it was a lonely thing being with people forever, and everything so big. Big refectories, big dormitories, big long halls, and never a small place to go to.

It was a small place she thought she was coming to here, when Reverend Mother told her she had a summer job for her, "a summer cottage," she'd said, but it was a big house with a cook and all, and that was Mrs. Farleigh all over, letting on that she had everything plain when a cat could see she wanted it fancy. She was a hard one to please, whatever you did.

The young one was different entirely, as easy as an old shoe. Hadn't they had a grand time together coming over to the Island, herself and the baby and the young one in the little room on the boat. A stateroom they called it, but it was as good as a little house, with chairs and a sofa and a door you could shut. It wasn't till Mrs. Farleigh got the whip hand of them all that she hadn't felt on wings to be out of the Home and have the sea everywhere and the wind to blow on her. Still and all, she thought, wasn't that a wonderful thing in itself, and hadn't she a room with no one but the baby in it? If she shut her eyes she needn't see his crib or his play pen, or all the other things of his that filled the room to the corners. She could shut her eyes now and hear no one in the room but herself breathing, and till the baby came back, it was like her own little place.

If she had only the young one to please, she thought, she could stay on after the summer till the new little baby came and get to be one of those family nurses and stay on and on till one day she'd have a room to herself, maybe. That would be a grand thing, she thought, and if she'd watch out from now on, and not annoy the old lady, please God she'd not have to go back to the big Home, but have some place cosy and small in the end.

She got up from her bed where she had been sitting, and smoothed it back to neatness. The flowers she had picked drooped where she had dropped them. "Not near my grandson," Mrs. Farleigh had said. "Well, then, I'll throw them away," Margaret said to herself, "but I'll give them a drink of water first, the creatures."

She went to the bathroom to run water into the drinking glass there, and saw herself in the mirror over the basin. "I'm a wild looking thing," she thought, "with my hair all anyway, and my sleeves rolled up on me, and Reverend Mother would murder me if she saw me. Sure, the old one had a right to be mad with me."

She filled the glass carefully and put the limp wild roses in it, and looked at her reflection again. She pulled down her sleeves, but they were crumpled from the rolling, and looked no better. "The long sleeves are a nuisance altogether, with all I have to do for the baby," she thought, "and the nylon is suffocating in the heat. If I cut the sleeves short, now, and hemmed them nicely, they'd be cool and tidy and they wouldn't crush on me. And I'll plait my hair in a bun, unless I cut it short, too. That way I'll be neat always." She smiled at the round red face in the mirror and it seemed to smile back at her. "That's the way," it seemed to say, "keep on like that Margaret Reilly, and one of these days you'll be safe."

A week later Mrs. Farleigh sat contentedly at her window, looking out at the long and lovely line of blue that marked the ocean beyond the dunes. On the grass outside a solidly built woman, circumspect in white linen, sat knitting in a deck chair, glancing down now and then at the child dabbling in the sandbox at her feet. Anyone passing could see that here was a well-regulated household, unostentatious, but orderly and serene.

"You see," Mrs. Farleigh said to her daughter who was reading in her usual place, "it can be done."

"M'm," murmured her daughter from the page she was intent on.

"When I *think* of what we put up with from that girl," Mrs. Farleigh said. Her daughter moved in her chair but made no answer. "You know, really," said Mrs. Farleigh, taking up her sewing, "I think she was feeble minded, I really do. I put up with all her sprawling and whistling and dawdling and leaving weeds in the baby's bathroom, but the uniform was the last straw. That *good* uniform that cost sixteen dollars. Hacked to pieces."

"She only shortened the sleeves," said the younger woman from her book.

"Hacked or shortened, no respect is what it amounted to. No respect for people or property or anything else."

"Well, she's gone," said the younger woman.

"Indeed she has and in short order. If I had left it to you she'd still be here, thank you. But I took one look at her and I called the Home, and then I contacted Nurse Williamson and gave Miss Margaret her walking papers." Mrs. Farleigh pricked a finger and sucked it. "I tell you," she went on, "I think she was feeble minded. Cutting off her hair and looking wilder than ever. But at least that was *her* loss, it didn't cost me sixteen dollars." The younger woman turned a page of her book. "And I told you what she said when I paid her for you, and gave her her ticket for the boat?"

"Yes, mother, you did," said the reading girl.

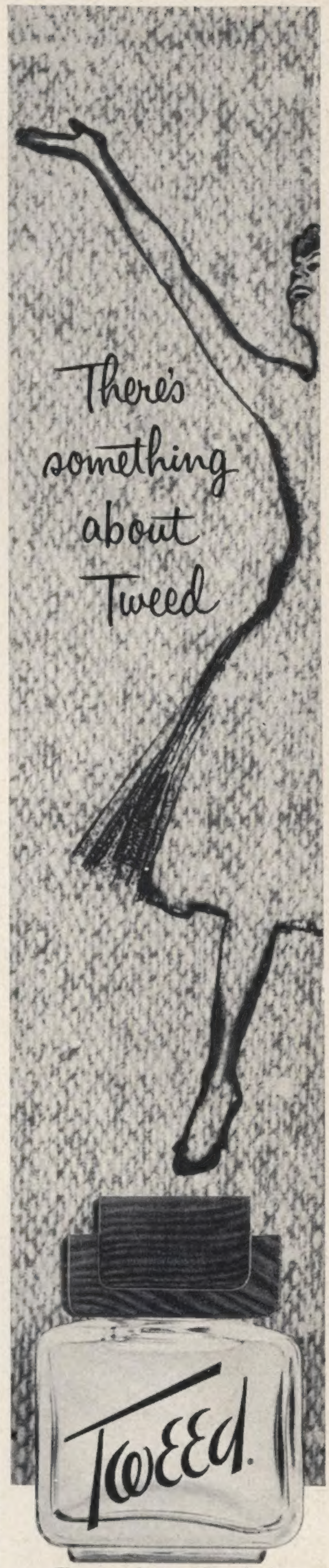
"But I can't get over it. How would she go about getting a stateroom on the boat, she asked me. 'A stateroom, Margaret,' I said, 'do you know what they cost?' She said no, but she wanted one. I said to her, 'Margaret,' I said, 'my daughter had one coming here because she isn't well, and you were in it with her to take care of the baby, but by yourself, for a few hours to the mainland, what do you want of such a thing?' and what do you think she said?"

"You told me," said the younger woman.

"I know, but I can't yet make any sense out of it. 'I want one of the little houses,' she said, 'I want one of the little houses on the boat. I can be in it by myself for the little time till I get back.' Do *you* know what she was talking about?"

"No, mother," said Mrs. Farleigh's daughter.

"And neither do I," said Mrs. Farleigh, "and if you ask me, neither did she. Little house!" she repeated on a breath, "little *crazy*." She looked out of her window and down to the placid scene on the grass below it, and then let her gaze go to the dunes and sea. "It's lovely out there today," she said, returning to her sewing, "quite lovely."



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ANSWERS TO THE QUIZ

(Continued from page 99)

90. It is better to have the paper. Some trees have to be cut, and modern methods of silviculture are making up for the errors of earlier days. So we can have both tree and paper.

91. If you take regular exercise in any form give yourself full marks; if your exercise is irregular, take a zero.

92. Race prejudice can be significantly reduced by legislation because law gives the sanction to what is right and makes human beings feel more comfortable in the knowledge that what is required ought to be.

93. Astronomy ought to be well taught in our schools.

94. Cooperation has the far greater adaptive value, because it ensures man's survival, whereas competition tends to militate against it.

95. Of course a person can be considered cultured if he has no knowledge of chemistry. The possession of such knowledge might not add to his cultural status, but it would serve to increase his understanding of the world in which he finds himself.

96. Economics *should* be a moral science concerned with *human* values.

97. The weather most certainly influences moods.

98. An elementary knowledge of geology should be part of the equipment of everyone.

99. Mathematics or at least an exposure to mathematics is an essential part of the education of the well-equipped man.

100. Part of the training of the psychoanalyst must be the analysis of himself, so that he becomes aware not only of the nature of his own psychic development, but in the process learns how that development occurs in others. Furthermore, if his own conflicts are brought to the surface and resolved, the chances are minimized that he will work them out on his patients.

SCORING

A correct answer for each question on knowledge scores five points, for each attitude question, ten points. Questions 44-60 and 89-100 are attitude. An incorrect answer scores zero. In the case of two-part questions, score half for each correct part. With questions that suggest a "yes" or "no" give the reasons for your answers; for dates, only the year. Combine the total scores of both categories for your rating.

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(Back views, sizes, yardages of the Pattern on page 49)



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